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REVIEWS.

THE HEBREWS AS THEY WERE.

The Early History of the Hebrews. By the Rev. A. H. Sayce. (Rivington.)

THIS is a handy volume of some 500 pages, containing no Hebrew or other Oriental characters, no maps or appendices, and but few and brief references to authorities. We may, therefore, suppose it to be popular rather than scientific in its aim—or rather, that it is dictated, like most of the author's later works, by the wish to make accessible to the general public the conclusions of scientific men. In any such work of popularisation, so much depends on the authority of the populariser that it may be as well, before going to the book itself, to say something about Prof. Sayce's qualifications for writing it.

More than a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Sayce, then a scholar of Queen's College, Oxford, devoted himself to the study of Oriental languages, and, within a few years of taking his degree, published an Assyrian Grammar written from the standpoint of comparative philology. This was followed by an elementary work on the same subject for the use of students, by *Principles of Comparative Philology*, and by what is probably his most important work, *An Introduction to the Science of Language*. These books excited favourable notice not only in England, but in the larger erudite world of the Continent, and when Mr. Sayce was made one of the Old Testament revisers and Professor of Comparative Philology in his own University, it was felt that the authorities had for once put the right man in the right place. In 1891 he exchanged his first chair for that of Assyriology, and his term of office has lately been extended for another five years—in order, we believe, to give him further opportunities of travel in the East. But while thus possessed of an academic reputation, Prof. Sayce has always courted the notice of a larger world than that of letters. His *Ancient Empires of the East* was professedly designed to correct, by the light of modern discovery, the views of those who

had till then trusted to Herodotus for the early history of the world; his lectures for the Hibbert Trustees on the *Religion of the Ancient Babylonians* formed for many their first introduction to a literature the most ancient and, in some respects, the most important yet brought to light; while his memoir on the Hittites earned the rare honour of being translated into French at the expense of the State. Of late years, his separate writings have been almost exclusively devoted to what may be called the archaeology of the Bible, and *The Higher Criticism and the Verdict of the Monuments*, *The Egypt of the Hebrews*, and *Patriarchal Palestine* have followed each other in quick succession. In all these, it has been Prof. Sayce's task to compare Biblical history with that revealed by the cuneiform and hieroglyphic records lately deciphered, and the present volume may be supposed to represent his matured judgment as to the amount of faith that can be placed in the sacred and profane traditions respectively.

It will therefore be seen that hardly any English scholar can be better qualified than Prof. Sayce to treat with knowledge any apparent contradiction between the Old Testament and the profane histories, but it may be noted that he does not claim in doing so to be an impartial critic. He was ordained in the Church of England shortly before the publication of his first book, and in the preface to his *Higher Criticism* he is careful to remind us that he is writing "with the prepossessions of an Anglican priest." But a glance at the present volume would probably lead an "Anglican priest" of fifty years ago to think that he had accidentally got hold of some "bawbee blasphemy" (to use Meg Dod's phrase) of the age of Voltaire or Tom Paine instead of the serious work of a learned divine. Although "a considerable measure of confidence" may in the author's view be extended to the Old Testament writers, he is very far from asserting that they are infallible. "Doubtless," he says, "they may have made mistakes at times, their judgment may not always have been strictly critical or correct, and want of sufficient materials may now and then have led them into error." Moreover, all their earlier dates are "for historical purposes . . . worthless, and indicate merely that materials for a chronology were entirely wanting." The reason which the Book of Exodus gives for the observance of the Sabbath—to wit, that Jehovah rested on the seventh day from His work of creation—is described as "a reason which will hardly be accepted by the geologist"; Samson is contemptuously passed over as "a hero of popular tradition," and merely a Danite champion whom the compiler of the Book of Judges has turned into a judge of Israel; while it is crudely pointed out that Samuel's prediction of disaster to Saul at the Raid of Michmash remained unfulfilled, and that Aaron could not have died at once on Mount Hor, as the Book of Numbers asserts, and at Mosera, as stated in Deuteronomy. And perhaps even these direct challenges would shock the champion of verbal inspiration less than the half-flippant way in which a rationalist explanation of the "signs and

wonders" in Canaan and Egypt is indirectly suggested. It was a voice "which he believed to be divine" which bade Abraham sacrifice Isaac; and the Hebrews at the Red Sea were only "saved, as it were, by miracle"; while the destruction of Sodom is attributed to a thunderstorm setting fire to the naphtha springs; and the falling of the death-lot upon Saul and Jonathan is accounted for by the remark that "the lots were cast under the supervision of the priests." Before Prof. Sayce wrote this he must have indeed convinced himself that the Higher Critics have, to use his own words, "made it impossible to return to the old conception of the Hebrew Scriptures," but the horror with which Pusey or Keble would have read such words from the pen of an Oxford professor can be better fancied than described.

This view of the case apart, there is little in the book which is not both interesting and instructive. Prof. Sayce will have nothing to do with the peculiarly German school of critics who think they can tell by "literary analysis" the exact point of each chapter and verse where, as they assert, one of the authors of the Pentateuch left off and another began. But he does not scruple to admit that the Pentateuch, like most of the other books of the Old Testament, is "a compilation of a variety of older material," and that "it probably received its final shape at the hands of Ezra." Nor were the materials of which it was composed exclusively Jewish or even Semitic. The legends of the Creation, the institution of the Sabbath, and, perhaps, of the Fall of man, are, as we know from Prof. Sayce's other works, derived, in the first instance, from the mythology of the non-Semitic inhabitants of Chaldaea, and now he has added other borrowings to the list. The cherubim of the mercy seat, the two stone tables of the law, the altars and their daily sacrifices, and even the special animals offered to the Deity, were, he thinks, all copied from Babylonian usage, while the rite of circumcision was brought from Egypt into Canaan before the migration of Abraham. Like many other writers, he points out that during the period of the Judges the Hebrews did not distinguish, as the story of Gideon shows, between Jehovah and Baal, and he does not think that the name Jehovah is of Hebrew origin. As for the more historical portions of the Bible, he thinks that the original documents show in places through the glosses of later editors, and he pronounces the story of Chedorloamer's raid to be taken from a cuneiform tablet, and that of Joseph from a hieratic papyrus. The system of etymological forms which would translate Benoni ("the man of On") as "son of my sorrow" he rejects, although he points out that the name of Samuel means "God hears" only in Assyrian, and not in Hebrew. Finally, he considers the Levitical legislation to be based "on customs and ideas which must have been prevalent in Israel long before the birth of Moses," being, in fact, of Babylonian and Canaanitish origin. He thinks it strange that lying and deceit are not among the prohibitions of the Decalogue, and that in this respect the moral code of the Egyptian

Book of the Dead is "more complete." But then, as he somewhat cynically adds, "the lie which does not involve false witness is apt to be condoned among the nations of the East."

This, then, is what Prof. Sayce has to tell us, and he does so very clearly and well. In some passages he reminds us of Stade, and in others of Renan, as when he says that the milch-kine who left their young to draw the ark to Beth-Shemesh "were repaid for the gift they had brought by being sacrificed to the Lord." But in a work of this kind the author may draw his inspiration from what source he pleases, so long as he is willing to warrant the justness of the statements that he borrows. Neither does he draw any general conclusions from his facts, although he goes out of his way once or twice to point out that they are not absolutely inconsistent with the theory of a Divine origin for the Old Testament.

But it is plain that if his view of their history is correct, we must revise altogether our estimate of the position of the Jews with regard to the rest of the human race. Hitherto, however much Christian nations have persecuted the Jews, they have yet regarded them as a people set apart from the rest of mankind, and as the depository of a sacred tradition. Hence we have been led to attach an importance to them and to their history which the works of Prof. Sayce show they do not merit. Their want of military skill has been attributed to the fact that so long as they were a nation the Lord of Hosts always fought for them; their pre-eminence in trade and finance to the mysterious destiny which has compelled them to live dispersed among the Gentiles; their artistic defects to their possession of a literature so original and so unique that all other forms of art must seem feeble by comparison. But in Prof. Sayce's pages this romantic picture of the Chosen People vanishes. In its stead we see a race of slaves cast out first by the Babylonians, then by the Egyptians, retaining a precarious position in the Promised Land only by the grace of their conquerors the Greek-pirate colonists, whom we call Philistines, and rising only for a moment, to independence under a foreign mercenary, during the temporary paralysis of the neighbouring powers. We see, too, that their dispersion was due to the reluctance to sacrifice individual welfare to the common good, which, throughout their history, led them to resent both civil taxation and military service; while their literature and religion turn out to be no Heaven-sent gift, but the shreds and tatters which they have picked up in spite of themselves from their former masters.

If this picture of a race, apparently formed to exist like animal parasites, only in the bodies of more worthy, because more highly organised, states, be ever accepted as the true one, the glory will, indeed, have departed from Israel. And, in these days of the Judenhetze and the Anti-Semitic League, the disillusionment may not be without awkward material consequences.

"MR. GILFIL'S LOVE STORY" IN FACT.

The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor. By Lady Newdigate-Newdegate. (Longmans & Co.)

NEVER before had short story so copious a commentary as this handsome volume, which consists of what is practically the original material from which George Eliot fashioned the scene of Clerical Life that bears the title "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story." In that work, it will be remembered, we are told how the Rev. Maynard Gilfil, chaplain to Sir Christopher Cheverel and Lady Cheverel, fell in love with Caterina Sarti, or Tina, their adopted child; how Tina loved Sir Christopher's nephew, Captain Wybrow; how Wybrow, though engaged to Beatrice Assher, was not unwilling to play a little with Tina's affections; how Wybrow eventually died suddenly on the very day that Tina resolved to stab him to the heart; and finally, how Mr. Gilfil married Tina and enjoyed with her a brief felicity.

To all but close students of George Eliot's writings this story has hitherto seemed a work of pure fiction; but now comes Lady Newdigate-Newdegate to tell us that many of the personages and incidents had a previous existence in fact. Thus Sir Christopher Cheverel turns out to be Sir Roger Newdigate (1719-1806), the founder of the Newdigate Prize for poetry at Oxford. Lady Cheverel was Hester, Sir Roger's second wife. Mr. Gilfil was the Rev. Bernard Gilpin Ebdell, vicar of Chilvers Coton; and Tina was Sally Shilton, Lady Newdigate's adopted daughter, and a very exquisite singer; while Cheverel Manor was Arbury, in Warwickshire, where George Eliot's father, Robert Evans, acted as bailiff to Sir Roger Newdigate at the end of the last century and beginning of this. George Eliot herself—or, as the register says, Mary Ann Evans—was born at the South Farm, within the precincts of Arbury Park. Robert Evans's first wife, Harriet, having been a servant in the Manor House itself during the period covered by "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," it was probably her reminiscences of the family (which reached the daughter by way of Robert Evans) that served as the foundations of the little classic. This information was fortified by visits to the house paid by George Eliot in company with her father. To the materials thus collected her mind returned in after life, and adding from her own invention Captain Wybrow, Beatrice Assher, the sudden death and the intended murder, the result was the charming story which has delighted so many readers.

The chief interest of the book lies in the extracts from the second Lady Newdigate's—or, as she is called in the title, Lady Cheverel's—letters to Sir Roger. They make no pretensions to be literature: they are, indeed, absurdly trivial; but they have much charm and quaintness. "My Dear, Dear Runaway"—that is the opening of one of them. "You begin your Letter like a dear Goose, & end it in the same stile. . . . I wish you would get me some Sassiperella (I don't know whether I spell it right)"—

that is the conclusion of the same. From Buxton she writes:

"Bathing goes on (I had like to have said) swimmingly, but that is not true. Lettice was mistaken in thinking I sh'd never be Bold. I can throw myself with a Spring forward upon y^e Water & go plump to y^e Bottom as direct as any stone, then shake my ears & try again with y^e like success . . . but it is a charming Exercise."

Again, on the same subject:

"Baths at noon agrees well, & I swim like a frog that has lost y^e use of its hind Legs. Don't go & maim a poor frog to see how that is. I assure You it is very tollerable."

The lady has a nice feeling for quiet domestic humour such as lights up family correspondence and makes breakfast a gay meal. She is critic too:

"We have just finish'd y^e *Sorrows of Werther*, a novel which was much in Vogue last year [this is 1781]. It is interesting, but I think y^e sentiments of the Hero often exceptionable. Y^e Author seems sensible of it & makes a sort of lame apology in the preface."

Of certain visitors to the same hotel, Lady Cheverel writes, "They seem charming vulgar"—a good phrase. On another occasion she glances pleasantly at Sir Roger's duties as a Justice: "You seem to be hanging & transporting at no small rate. I hope you'll leave none but honest People in our Quarter"; on another, she tells him of a rumour that he had been shot dead by a highwayman, and adds, "I charge you to throw out your Purse to any Man that Asks you for it as you come up & don't give him any pretence to shoot you." And here is a pretty description of her baby niece, Georgiana Mundy, who became afterwards Duchess of Newcastle: "The dear little Georgiana is y^e fatest Little Pig you ever saw, perfectly Healthy & Lively"; while in another place we are told of this child's appetite that "Ye Little Soul sucks with such glee it is quite delightful to watch it." These extracts are sufficient to prove that George Eliot went astray in her conception of Lady Cheverel. Throughout "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" that good and tender woman appears haughty and unbending; and she is described at the outset as possessing "proud pouting lips" and "an expression of hauteur which is not contradicted by the cold grey eyes." Lady Newdegate offers a reproduction of Romney's portrait from which George Eliot took this impression, and really we cannot see all that in it.

Lady Cheverel is the central figure of this fragrant book; but there are others with not a little attraction. Nelly Mundy, Lady Cheverel's sister, now and then adds a sprightly message to one of her sister's letters, or writes at length to Sir Roger; and she is always agreeable company. "The Dear Soul," she tells her brother-in-law on one occasion, referring to his wife, "has eat a good Supper of Plumb Pye & a glass of wine, & is going in Glee to Swim." There is also Sir Roger himself, a busy old gentleman interested profoundly and continually in the University of Oxford, in politics, in the county, in the rebuilding and arrangement of his house, in all his

wife's little doings, in his kith and kin and adopted daughter. Here is a letter that he wrote for an infant relative, Charles Newdigate Parker :

"MY DEAR MAMMA.—Take notice that if after the receipt of the inclosed you shall fail to give me cold water to roll in every morning & the best of milk & a good deal of it, all day long, & a stout nimble nurse to toss me about from morning till evening from the date hereof till the first of January next I am advised to bring my Action against you, so pray Dear Mamma be careful of

YOUR LOVING SON."

A little earlier Sir Roger had welcomed the birth of this child by a missive of which this is a portion :

"The first lesson I shall give you is—Risus cognoscere Matrem—the only return yet in your power to make for the long tedious months she has passed for your good: Next you are to stretch out your little hands, both of them remember, & take Papa by the Chin, kiss him & Mamma till they laugh, for no good can come to him—Cui non risere Parentes. I do not explain this as I conclude your knowledge in all languages is the same."

Sir Roger Newdigate died in 1806; his lady had preceded him six years. Both lie in Harefield Church, where their monuments may be seen. Other memorials of Hester Newdigate, says Lady Newdegate, in conclusion, still exist at Arbury. The fruits of her spinning-wheel are visible in fine white table linen woven into damask cloth the year she died, and bearing the legend: "Spun by Lady N., 1800." And "every spring, in Nature's glorious resurrection tune, for more than a century past there has come up through the grass of Swanland—her special portion of the grounds at Arbury—a large H. N. outlined in golden daffodils, which tradition says were planted by herself."

A BOOK OF COUNTRY VERSE.

The Wind in the Trees. A Book of Country Verse. By Katherine Tynan. (Grant Richards.)

MRS. HINKSON'S rural songs are those of an exile. She seems to celebrate, not the country, but her memories of the country. She does not feel that majesty and that terrible splendour of nature which, especially at its most passionate period (as now), dominate and overawe the poet who actually dwells amid the green. She is wistful, merely; and her wistfulness finds ease in a gentle and delicate lyricism reflecting only the lighter side of nature. She thinks of things separately—not as a tremendous whole. She remembers the almond, and calls it

"Pink stars that some good fairy
Has made for you and me."

She remembers the chestnut,

"A candlestick
And branches branching wide and high
Toward the smiling sky."

And the trees—

"Soft flames of green the trees stood up
Out of an emerald cup."

She has the appropriate metaphor for everything. But one wishes that she would be synthetic a little oftener, that she would more frequently strive after a general effect instead of winging like a butterfly from one splash of colour to another, as careless fancy dictates. Some of her broader descriptions are excellently pretty. For example, "An Anthem in Heat," which begins:

"Now praise the Lord, both moon and sun,
And praise Him, all ye nights and days,
And golden harvests every one,
And all ye hidden waterways,
With cattle standing to the knees
Safe from the bitter gadfly's sting;
But praise Him most, O little breeze
That walks abroad at evening.

O praise Him, all ye orchards now,
And all ye gardens deep in green,
Ripe apples on the yellowing bough,
And golden plum and nectarine,
And peaches ruddier than the rose,
And pears against the southern wall;
But most the little wind that blows,
The blessed wind at evenfall."

An even better instance is "Leaves," which discloses Mrs. Hinkson's muse at its most characteristic and its best:

"A low wind tossed the plumage all one way,
Rippled the gold feathers, and green and gray,
A low wind that in moving sang one song
All day and all night long.

Sweet honey in the leafage, and cool dew,
A roof of stars, a tent of gold and blue;
Silence and sound at once, and dim green light,
To turn the gold day right.

Some trees hung lanterns out, and some had stars,
Silver as Hesper, and rose-red as Mars;
A low wind flung the lanterns low and high,
A low wind like a sigh."

There is much technical skill of music in this little poem. By a happy chance all the verbal trickeries of which Mrs. Hinkson is a mistress succeed, without succeeding too well, too impudently. We use the word "trickeries" advisedly, for Mrs. Hinkson is what one may call, with no derogation, a professional poet. She knows every secret of the trade. She might say with Masson in *Charles Demailly* that she has her syntax under control, and can throw her phrases into the air, sure that they will fall on their feet. It is astonishing what mere handling will do. The sentiment of "The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow" is the sentiment of half the drawing-room ballads advertised day by day on the front page of the *Telegraph*. But Mrs. Hinkson lifts the thing far above drawing-room ballads. As thus:

"The dewdrops were grey on the clover,
The grey mists of night were withdrawn,
The blackbird sang clear from the cover,
The hills wore the rose of the dawn.
But sweeter than blackbirds and thrushes,
Her song, whom the graces endow,
And pinker than dawn her soft blushes,
The pretty girl milking her cow.

She sang, and the milk, sweet and scented,
Spirted white as the breast of my dear.
She sang, and the cow, grown contented,
Gave over her kicking to hear.

As she sang I drew nearer each minute,
A captive in love's rosy chain,
And my heart every second was in it
Grew fuller of joy and of pain,
Till I cried out behind her: My storeen,
Pray guess who is holding you now?
And I felt the heart-beats of my Noreen,
The pretty girl milking her cow."

Even in the least matters, the same skill often saves the situation by its deft avoidance of the commonplace and the banal. Of course, a failure happens now and then. Mrs. Hinkson's *savoir faire* forsook her when she sang of the pleasant sparrows, rooks, and daws," who

"Drank up that wind-like wine,
And hailed the day with loud applause."

Mrs. Hinkson has probably never been to a political banquet.

This poet, in common with most singers of the country, badly misrepresents London. When from the centre of the town her heart turns towards Ireland, she says calmly:

"The sun he shines all day here, so fierce and fine,
With never a wisp of mist at all to dim his shine."

When did the sun last shine all day in London so fierce and fine? And as for the absence of that wisp of mist, let Mrs. Hinkson ride down the Strand on a 'bus any fine spring morning, and she will perceive marvellous effects of mist—visions not to be rivalled in Ireland of "the foggy dew."

But even the aggrieved Londoner will be disposed to render up thanks for this fanciful and dainty volume, so pretty both within and without, so accomplished in its workmanship, and, above all, so readable. Perusers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* will find in it many "Occ." verses—*fioretti* that have already sweetened with their aroma the bitterness of daily politics, and are now to bloom again.

MR. WAY'S EURIPIDES.

The Tragedies of Euripides, in English Verse.
By Arthur S. Way. Vol. III. (Macmillan & Co.)

THAT Mr. Way should ever have reached this third and concluding volume of his verse translation of the eighteen plays of Euripides moves us to respectful admiration. The task was a colossal one, and only the most dogged perseverance, coupled with a fine enthusiasm for his author, could have enabled him to carry it through. To us, we confess, even to read a verse translation of the complete plays of Euripides is something of a labour. To write it must have been at times heartbreaking. The structure, and indeed the whole spirit, of the two languages is so different, that again and again passages in the plays are met with which cannot by any possibility be rendered satisfactorily from Greek into English verse with any pretence to verbal accuracy. And Mr. Way has increased his own difficulties by aiming, except in the choruses, at a line for line correspondence with the original. The

result of this has been that the extreme compression of the Greek dialogue has often landed the translator in something very like doggerel, while the elaborate and involved sentences of the choruses, hardly to be satisfactorily rendered even in prose, produce in English a kind of verse which may be read with indulgence, but scarcely with enjoyment.

With all these difficulties Mr. Way has struggled courageously—in the speeches and the dialogue with considerable success. His choruses are always spirited and bold in their metrical treatment, but he has occasionally been unable to avoid sentences and constructions which only distantly resemble English. Here is an example from the "Bacchanals":

"The God whom his mother—when anguish tore her
Of the travail resistless that deathward bore her
On the wings of the thunder of Zeus down-flying—
Brought forth at her dying
An untimely birth, as her spirit departed
Stricken from life by the flame down-darted:
But in birth-bowers new did Zeus Kronion
Receive his scion."

Now it is possible to make out what this means with ten minutes' thought, and even perhaps to parse it, especially with the Greek before one, but we very much doubt whether the "English reader" who knows no Greek—for whom presumably verse translations are intended—will find it either enlightening or enlivening. Here is another passage from the same play:

"Ha! dost thou see not the wild fire enwreathed
Round the holy tomb—
Lo, dost thou mark it not well?—
Which Semelê thunder-blasted bequeathed,
Her memorial of doom
By the lightning from Zeus that fell?"

As a form of metrical gymnastics this is ingenious, but it is hardly more. We do not say that it could be better done. The difficulties of the task which Mr. Way has set himself are so enormous that even a scholar and poet of the first rank could hardly hope to overcome them. But we feel that a task much of which must of necessity be performed in a halting manner were almost better left alone.

But we do not wish to give the impression that Mr. Way's translation, as a whole, or even for the most part, is of this unsatisfactory kind. He has evidently learnt much from Mr. Swinburne in his rhymed renderings of the choruses, and these are at times at once very bold and very successful. Everyone will remember the famous passage in "Atalanta in Calydon," which probably suggested the measure of the following to Mr. Way:

"Hopes, dreams, they were past,
As a tale that is told;
Yet thou comest at last
For mine arms to enfold!
What shall I say to thee?—how shall I grasp
it, the rapture of old?
By assurance of word,
Or by hands that embrace,
Or by feet that are stirred,
Or by body that sways,
Hitherward, thitherward, tossed as the dance
intertwineth its maze?"

Mr. Way is not Mr. Swinburne, but he has caught his manner in this not unhappily. And there is often a rush and fire about his measures which carries him triumphantly through difficult passages. Here is one of his happiest efforts:

"Leaf-crowned came the Centaur riders,
With their lances of pine,
To the feast of the Heaven-abiders,
And the bowls of their wine.
'Hail Sea-queen!' so rang their acclaiming—
'A light over Thessaly flaming'—
Sang Cheiron, the unborn naming—
'Thy scion shall shine.'
And as Phoebus made clearer the vision,
'He shall pass,' sang the seer,
'Unto Priam's proud land on a mission
Of fire, with the spear
And the shield of the Myrmidons, clashing
In gold; for the Fire-King's crashing
Forges shall clothe him with flashing
Warrior-gear:
Of his mother the gift shall be given,
Of Thetis brought down.'
So did the Dwellers in Heaven
With happiness crown
The espousals of Nereus' daughter,
When a bride unto Peleus they brought her,
Of the seed of the Lords of the Water
Chief in renown."

Mr. Way's blank verse is always respectable, and occasionally quite good. It is when he essays trochaic measures that he most frequently fails. Even Tennyson could not always handle the metre of "Locksley Hall" with complete success, and Mr. Way's passages in that metre often approach dangerously near the absurd. The following, again, from the "Orestes" is unpleasantly suggestive of the *Ingoldsby Legends*:

"But as Bacchanals dropping the thyrsus to
seize
A kidding over the hills that flees,
They rushed on her—grasped—turned back
to the slaughter
Of Helen—but vanished was Zeus's daughter!
From the bowers, through the house, gone
wholly from sight!
O Zeus, O Earth, O Sun, O Night!"

Again in the "Bacchanals" we find:

"What cry was it?—Whence did it ring?
—'Twas the voice of mine Evian King!"

which smacks of the ludicrous.

But flaws of this kind are almost sure to be found in a work of such dimensions. On the whole, as we have said, Mr. Way has achieved a considerable success in his task. That it was worth while to attempt a metrical translation of Euripides on these ambitious lines we should be sorry to assert. However ably done, it could hardly hope to give any idea of the original to readers unacquainted with Greek, while those who know Greek will not read the plays in a translation. Indeed, from every point of view, a prose version would probably have been more satisfactory. But for those who desire to have Greek dramas rendered into English metre and Greek choruses disguised by English rhyme, we can conscientiously recommend Mr. Way's version as always accurate and painstaking, and occasionally distinctly poetical.

A BOHEMIAN PLAYWRIGHT.

W. G. Wills, Dramatist and Painter. By Freeman Wills. (Longman & Co.)

MR. FREEMAN WILLS, who has just written a memoir of his brother, the late W. G. Wills, naturally expresses a high opinion of his powers, and especially of his achievement as a dramatist. He thinks that the author of "Olivia" and "Charles I." "may fairly be considered the poetic dramatist of the Victorian era." "He restored poetry to the stage at a time when the poetic drama was supposed to be dead." "His dramas were literature to the cultured, while they were human nature to the crowd."

What are the facts? Wills was the Sheridan Knowles of our time—that, and no more. He wrote numerous plays in verse, but the verse was mostly of the pedestrian sort. It contained here and there a pretty fancy and a neat expression; but in the main it was level and monotonous. To read, it is tiresome; and when one considers the extracts Mr. Freeman Wills gives from his brother's unacted "Rienzi" and "King Arthur," one is inclined to be glad that Sir Henry Irving did not see his way to produce the latter, and appears to be in no hurry to produce the former.

It would be wrong, of course, unduly to depreciate the stage work of Wills. "Olivia" and "Charles I." are unquestionably effective pieces, despite the latter's flagrant falsity to history. These have in them elements of pathos, though of a cheap and somewhat obvious kind. There is also some very tolerable rhetoric in "Claudian." But these are the only pieces by Wills, out of three dozen or thereabouts, which can be said to have held the boards or to have any possibilities in the future. And in each of the three cases, there is every reason to believe, the success secured has been largely through the agency of the collaborators and the actors. Wills could write lines which were serviceable in the theatre, but he had little, if any, dramatic or even theatrical instinct. He needed to be severely "edited." He could do work to order, but had little, if any, initiative. One by one his plays have dropped out of the current repertory, with but slight probability of revival. "Hinko," "Medea in Corinth," "Eugene Aram," "Mary Queen of Scots," "Sappho," "Buckingham," "Cora," "Nell Gwynne," "Vanderdecken," "Ninon," "Forced from Home," "Juana," "Jane Eyre," "Gringoire," "A Young Tramp," "The Little Pilgrim," "Clarissa"—what likelihood is there of these pieces being seen again, except, perhaps, through the casual caprice of a "star" player? They are practically dead and buried. Reproduced the other day, "The Man o'Airlie," even with Mr. Vezin in his original part, did but bore—it was hopelessly *démodé*. Sir Henry Irving might be able to galvanise "Eugene Aram," "Vanderdecken," and "Faust" into some sort of life again; but he will hardly make the attempt, we should say. Nor can "Olivia" and "Charles I." and "Claudian" be depended upon to outlive their existing interpreters.

How is it that so many of Wills's plays were "for the occasion" only? How is it

that none of them can be said to have the quality of permanence? The answer would seem to lie in the character and methods of the writer. To begin with, it is clear that Wills did not take over kindly to dramatic production. "I am a poor painter," he is reported to have said, "who writes plays for bread." That might appear to be an affectation did we not know it to be sincere. We have Mr. Freeman Wills's authority for the assertion that his brother handled the pen with reluctance, and only the brush with pleasure. He thought the pictorial art was what he was born for, and there can be no doubt that he excelled as a pastellist. It was as a painter and a draughtsman that he felt the strongest impulse.

"When there was a pressure of urgent dramatic work, he has been known more than once to jump out of bed and seize his palette and brushes; and to keep him at work with his pen, he would have to be watched and goaded on."

"He was impatient," says his brother, "of much of the dramatic work he was commissioned to do, and when this was the case he did it badly." One can well believe that he loathed all task-work; but the dramatic and literary defects of his plays may be ascribed most truly to his habits of composition, which were unfavourable to perfect form and finish:

"He wrote on backs of envelopes, or any scrap of paper handy. These, fastened together, would be flung into a wicker-basket, and sorted out and arranged, like a puzzle, when a play was to be completed. Or he would write here and there in sketch-books, beginning at both ends, and then in the middle, and interspersing his notes among studies of limbs or leaves."

During the years of his greatest literary activity he did most of his writing in bed, amid surroundings of the most untidy sort. He liked to have company when he wrote, and was much inspired and assisted by the strains from a musical box!

Wills began as a novelist, and one or two of his stories—say, *The Wife's Evidence* and *The Love that Kills*—are not without vigour of a kind. Then he took to pastels and painting in oils; after that, he became a species of house-dramatist or hack playwright, never doing absolutely bad work, but rarely doing absolutely good. He was the victim of his own idiosyncrasies, the most regrettable of which were, apparently, inherited. He derived directly from his father, not only his versatility, but, unfortunately, his habits of abstraction and infirmity of purpose. He would have produced better and more lasting plays, novels, and pictures had he had the strength of will to devote himself earnestly and persistently to one or the other. As it was, he lived from hand to mouth, and was satisfied when his immediate necessities and those of his widowed mother were relieved. He did not covet money for itself. "He was just as happy roughing it in his own bare and untidy rooms as when living as a guest on the fatness of the land." He calculated that he received, altogether, for the thirty-two plays written within twenty years, about £12,000. "As much," says his brother, "has been realised

by a single play in modern times." No doubt, but not by a playwright of the calibre of Wills. He was neither a fine dramatic poet nor an ingenious play-maker. Had he been one or the other, he might have amassed a large fortune. As it is, his plays probably brought in at the time just what they were worth to the *entrepreneurs* who speculated in them. His brother admits that he was honourably dealt with, "for the sums paid him were intrinsically large, and might, but for the sense of justice of those who were left to name their own terms, have been considerably less."

The fact is, Wills was improvident, and was often glad to accept a moderate sum down, rather than wait for royalties to accrue. Had he been a man of ordinary prudence, he could, after a certain period in his career, have commanded his own price. He was, however, a Bohemian in every respect, and a lover of Bohemians—working fitfully and at various things, taking no pains to retain employers, and allowing his money to be borrowed or stolen by his many hangers-on:

"The tobacco-jar on his chimney-piece, in which he artfully concealed his loose change, the hiding-place being known to all the loafers of the studio, is certainly not a myth; and [adds his brother] he has told me confidentially that it was strange, if he left loose sovereigns in his pockets when changing his dress, he never could find them again when he went to look for them. I think he had a glimmering sub-consciousness of how it happened."

After all, Wills lived his own life, in his own way—the only life, probably, that he was fitted to live. He fulfilled his destiny. His intellectual gifts unhappily co-existed with tendencies which weakened and impaired them. Had his mental powers been supplemented by strength of character, he would have been a more successful and a more admirable man; but he would not have been W. G. Wills. His brother's assumption that he was "a nineteenth century Oliver Goldsmith" cannot altogether be accepted. After all, Goldsmith did write *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *She Stoops to Conquer*.

A LADY IN PERSIA.

Thro' Persia on a Side-Saddle. By Ella C. Sykes. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

MISS SYKES declares, in a modest little preface, that her book has no pretension to be either historical, scientific, or political; and it is neither one nor another. But it is better as it is, for when Miss Sykes thinks it necessary to be learned—as when she gives a summary of the history of Islam—she manipulates her subject with so ingenuous and so jejune a hand, that all serious effect is discounted. She has, however, qualities which in a traveller are a hundred times more engaging than seriousness; and without being bent on it, she bestows on her readers an enormous amount of useful and agreeable information—information which, as she says, "may claim to be correct, as

far as it goes," since her brother, Captain Sykes, who has travelled for some years in Persia on Government service, has revised her manuscript.

It was in her brother's company that Miss Sykes traversed the Land of the Lion and the Sun. In October, 1894, Captain Sykes, just home from his second journey in Persia, was asked by the Foreign Office to return there to found a Consulate for the districts of Kerman and Baluchistan. He went, accompanied by his sister, and, travelling or at rest, they were together in Persia for two years and a quarter. It is a fact of not a little significance in these times of disturbed international politics that she and her brother chose as the quickest and best route for attaining the Persian capital that by way of Constantinople, the Black Sea, and Batoum to Baku on the Caspian, and thence to Enzeli in Persian territory—thus journeying the whole way after leaving the Golden Horn over seas or across lands controlled or possessed by Russia. They travelled by way of Tehran, Kasban, and Yezd to Kerman, which is in the south-east of Persia. There they established a British Consulate, and there they remained till ordered to join the Persia-Baluchistan Boundary Commission. And it must be said that, whether at rest or on the move, whether entertaining curious and semi-barbarous Persian ladies at the Kerman Consulate, or shooting on the hills, or delimiting frontiers, Miss Sykes is as brisk and cheerful a companion as one could possibly choose. She is, indeed, a constant well-spring of shrewd and kindly observation, of sympathy and understanding; and she writes with equal gusto of the peccadilloes of her servants, and of the fearsome appearance and habits of spiders, scorpions, and beetles.

The following may be taken as a specimen of her descriptive writing:

"It was now the end of April, and huge dung beetles were flying about in all directions, occasionally coming into collision with us or our horses. They were, as a rule, busily engaged in rolling along balls of dung three or four times their own size with their back legs. It was interesting to see the speed with which they made off with these treasures, burying them in the sandy soil, and retiring with them for the purpose of laying their eggs in them. Sometimes two would contend for the possession of a ball, one rolling the other over and over as it clung to it, or a couple would chivy an intrusive beetle away from their special possession."

The matter is well observed, with humour and understanding; but we do wish that ladies in the position of Miss Sykes would learn to use the noble English language with as much knowledge and grace as distinguished the compositions of their writing forbears. We dare not say that she actually writes ill, for she carries the reader along even when she does not enthrall; but her writing grates upon our feeling for words, and her colloocations of adverbs and prepositions—"out on to a great sandy desert," for instance—set the teeth on edge. Yet, we repeat it, her own interest and enjoyment in all she sees and hears are so quick and so keen, that she must needs communicate her interest and enjoyment to the reader. Many valuable

books have been written about Persia and its mixed peoples, from those of Morier and Sir Henry Layard to those of Miss Bird and Mr. Curzon; but none is so worthy of a place on the same shelf with these as this book of Miss Sykes, or so necessary for reference in that near future when Persia will be attracting the eyes of Europe as China did the other day.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Boston Neighbours in Town and Out. By Agnes Blake Poor. (Putnam's Sons.)

THESE stories—and particularly the first—give one an impression of the writer as a witty child. There is such a directness about the narrative style, such simplicity in the point of view, and such fresh geniality in the tone, that you read always with a smooth brow and lips that are ready to smile. You listen to the child or not, as you please; you lose nothing of importance if you wander, but if you are attentive you are sure to be more or less amused. Here, for instance, is a passage from "Our Tolstoi Club," a women's society in suburban Boston:

"Well, in the autumn before last, Minnie said we must get up a Tolstoi Club; she said the Russians were the coming race, and Tolstoi was their greatest writer, and the most Christian of moralists (at least she had read so), and that everybody was talking about him, and we should be behindhand if we could not. So we turned one of our clubs, which had nothing particular on hand just then, into one; and, besides Tolstoi, we read other Russian novelists. . . . We did not read them all, for they are very long, and we can never get through anything long; but we hired a very nice lady 'skimmer,' who ran through them, and told us the plots, and all about the authors, and read us bits. I forget a good deal, but I remember she said that Tolstoi was the supreme realist, and that all previous novelists were romancers and idealists, and that he drew life just as it was, and nobody else had ever done anything like it, except, indeed, the other Russians, and these we discussed."

The arrival of the artist, Willie Williams, and his wife in the suburb supplies material for the application of the principles of realism imbibed from the Russians by means of the 'lady skimmer'; and the slight comedy runs its satirical little course very agreeably. One or two of the tales are rather more ambitious. They are proportionately less successful.

Stories from the Classic Literature of Many Nations. Edited by Bertha Palmer. (Macmillan & Co.)

It is a little hard to say on what principle this book has been compiled. If it be intended merely as a collection of interesting tales, most of the Egyptian, Chinese, Babylonian, Arabian, and Hindu versions are out of place, seeing that the narrative consists chiefly of interjections and mystic

names. If, again, the compiler had a scientific purpose, it is not perfectly obvious, for anything more fragmentary and haphazard than the selection it would be hard to imagine. Whatever way we take it, a work is open to criticism which chooses only "The Shield of Æneas" and "Baucis and Philemon" to represent the Roman tales, and in the Celtic section omits the story of Deirdre and the Sons of Usnach. But for many of the tales we are thankful. The beautiful Japanese myth of Urashima is the closest parallel to the story of Oisín and his journey to Tirnanog in Irish folk-lore, and we are pleased to meet again the excellent Hindu fable of "The Old Hare and the Elephants." The extraordinary legend of Perdiccas from Herodotus is not often found in such selections, and is well worth its place. Northern literatures are well represented, and there are two interesting and eccentric tales from the American Indians. The translations are by competent scholars, being, in the main, extracts from fuller versions. It is a book well enough done of its kind, but it is a little difficult to know to what class of readers it will appeal.

John and Sebastian Cabot. By C. Raymond Beazley. (Unwin.)

MR. BEAZLEY handles his subject with the heavy hand of the specialist, and under that treatment most of its charm unhappily vanishes. The facts are all there—and more than the facts perhaps, considering the very considerable doubts that gather round the stories of Sebastian, as of most ancient geographers—and Mr. Beazley sifts them with laborious minuteness, but we cannot honestly say that the result is a very readable book. It might be imagined that the story of the man, John Cabot, who set forth with mariners from Bristol, in 1497 and 1498, for the discovery of the New World would read like a fascinating romance. In Mr. Beazley's hands it certainly does not, and we imagine that he had no intention that it should. Rather he gives us a cold and business-like statement of facts, where facts are to be found, of minute scraps of evidence gathered here, there, and everywhere, and the, often dubious, conclusions which may possibly be drawn from those scraps. The importance of Sebastian Cabot and his claim to a place in a series of "Builders of Greater Britain" lies, of course, in his connexion with the North-East voyage of Willoughby and Chancellor in 1553. Sebastian himself did not take part in that voyage, but as Governor of the Company of Merchant Adventurers he had much to do with its fitting out, and we have minute instructions from his hand as to the conduct of the expedition. It was probably the success of this expedition which opened up the English trade with Russia, and thereby gave the great impetus to English commerce which caused the fame of Sebastian to so far outshine that of his more adventurous father until the son was in danger of monopolising the credit due to both his own and his father's adventures. Mr. Beazley successfully disentangles their fortunes, and assigns to each his share of the credit. But he is certainly dull.

Sermons Preached in Westminster Abbey. By Basil Wilberforce, D.D. (Elliot Stock.)

CANON WILBERFORCE, in the present volume, has carefully abstained from committing himself to any dogmatic theories whatever, and although in one discourse ("My Father is Greater than All") he seems to go perilously near the Millenarian heresy that all men shall be saved, he avoids the snare by a dexterous wrench of his oratory at the last moment. For the rest, the teaching of his sermons is eminently practical, and touches upon such everyday matters as the state of the London streets, the supposed equality of the sexes, the national drink bill, and other topics which his audience think—perhaps with reason—of more importance than points of theology. There is here abundant evidence that Canon Wilberforce has inherited no small share of his father's gift of eloquence, with some tendency to hyperbole, as when he calls Joan of Arc "the greatest general who has ever saved a Fatherland from its foes." The use of such words as "credal" and "affectional" is rather jarring.

A Study of the Saviour in the Newer Light. By Alexander Robinson, B.D. (Williams & Norgate.)

THIS book would be notable were it only for the fact that its appearance led to its author's prosecution for heresy, and ultimately to his severance from the Church of Scotland. It is, in fact, a life of the Founder of Christianity with the miraculous part omitted or rationalistically explained away very much in the manner of Renan. Mr. Robinson seems to have been led to his present views largely by an examination of the discrepancies between the Fourth Gospel and the Synoptics, and he presents them in a clear, temperate, and reverent tone. This apart, we doubt whether there is anything very new or startling in the book, which shows throughout the tendency of the later German schools of Protestant theology towards Unitarianism. Although the author quotes from St. Irenæus, to whose testimony he attaches some weight, it is curious that he, in common with more orthodox writers, entirely omits mention of his extraordinary story that Jesus lived on earth for twenty years after the Resurrection.

The Christian Interpretation of Life, and other Essays. By W. T. Davison, D.D. (Charles H. Kelly.)

DR. DAVISON'S essays are reprinted from the *London Quarterly Review*. Although not reviews in the strict sense of the word, most of them seem to have been inspired by recent books, such as Dr. Martineau's *Seat of Authority in Religion*, Dr. Fraser's *Gifford Lectures*, Mr. Arthur Balfour's *Foundation of Belief*, Dr. Hatch's *Hibbert Lectures*, and the like. All of these have been already fully treated in the ACADEMY, and there is, therefore, little to be gained by going over the ground again. Dr. Davison's book can, however, be recommended as a clear, temperate, and persuasive presentation of his own—which is, of course, the Methodist—view of the teaching of such books.

THE ACADEMY SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1898.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

ADRIENNE.

By "RITA."

It was long ago established that "Rita" cannot be dull. Readers of *The Sinner* and *Peg the Rake* know that. And here, in this "Romance of French Life," she is as sprightly as ever. "It was the height of the season at Trouville"—that is the promising opening; and on the next page, Armand de Valtour, seeing a young girl, exclaims, "English. But what an exquisite face!" and straightway the business begins. (Hutchinson & Co. 346 pp. 6s.)

MISS TOD AND THE PROPHETS.

By MRS. HUGH BELL.

A pathetic little story of a poor unemployed governess, who, on reading a prophecy to the effect that the world was coming to an end on a certain near date, bade farewell to her troubles, ceased to consider the necessity of saving, and led for a while a perfectly happy life. How disillusion and sorrow came the reader must learn from the book. (Bentley & Son. 141 pp.)

THE ADMIRAL.

By DOUGLAS SLADEN.

"A Romance of Nelson in the Year of the Nile," by the author of *A Japanese Marriage*, and the editor of *Who's Who*. In a lengthy preface Mr. Sladen makes it clear that he has devoted much time and pains to ensure historical accuracy for this work; and "I have," he remarks with all the emphasis of italics, "wherever it was feasible, used, whether in dialogue or description, the actual words of Nelson and his contemporaries." (Hutchinson & Co. 412 pp. 6s.)

THE HOPE OF THE FAMILY.

By ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Daudet's last novel—*Soutien de Famille*—translated into English, or "adapted," as the title-page says, by Levin Carnac. The story, which is more in the manner of *Risler Aîné et Fromont Fils* than *Tartarin de Tarascon*, is a study of a radically weak yet externally strong character. It has also many of the quaint portraits that Daudet loved to draw, and is full of domestic interest. (C. Arthur Pearson. 296 pp. 6s.)

A GUARDIAN OF THE POOR.

By T. BARON RUSSELL.

A well-observed character study. Twenty-four "young men" and twenty-nine "young persons" depend upon Borlase, the Guardian of the Poor. The shop assistant has in these latter days been exploited in the columns of a daily paper; here you have him and his tyrant treated imaginatively in a series of incidents rather loosely strung together. No species of brutality or meanness is wanting. The portrait of the tyrant is as vivid and ugly as the artist knows how to make it. (John Lane. 281 pp. 3s. 6d.)

EZEKIEL'S SIN.

By J. L. PEARCE.

The sin does not seem grievous: to save a belt containing eighty-five golden sovereigns and let the body drift. This is what the Cornish fisher did, yet the guilty consciousness pursues him through 300 pages. But there is the story of Morvenna too, and of the schoolmaster. And the tale is written by a man who has had opportunities of observing, and has observed. (Heinemann. 297 pp. 6s.)

ON THE BRINK OF A CHASM.

By L. T. MEADE.

Mrs. Meade is rapidly becoming one of the most voluminous of novelists. Here she offers "A Record of Plot and Passion," which, by the way, is what most storytellers do. To mention a few chapter headings is sufficient to foreshadow the fare between these covers: "Undone," "A Man's Revenge," "I Have Misjudged Him," "The Kiss," "The Long Trunk," "Diamond Cut Diamond," "The Die Cast," "Black Mischief," "The Wrong Medicine," "Scoundrel! He Said," "A Black Crime," "Circumstantial Evidence," "Ace of Trumps." (Chatto & Windus. 303 pp. 6s.)

JABEZ NUTYARD.

By MRS. EDMONDS.

J. N. was a Workman and a Dreamer, and this is the snappy title of the last chapter of his history: "Jabez Nutyard has an interview with Clare, and goes home happy; but thinks it was all the work of the rooks, and is more fully convinced than ever that he and the other actors in the story are links in a chain." A quiet, old-fashioned story, with Socialistic teaching between the lines. (Jarrold & Sons. 274 pp. 6s.)

FLAUNTING MOLL.

By R. A. J. WALLING.

Fourteen short stories, some of which have appeared in the *Speaker*. Rustic people and homely pathos appeal to the author. Most of the scenery is West of England, but now and then we cross to St. Malo. The majority of the characters talk Devon or Somerset thus: "'Zich a night, mem,' I zaid. 'Way, didden Mary Ann tell 'e 'er'd zeed me up to Bear Stone 'eel?'" (Harpers. 241 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE MASTER KEY.

By FLORENCE WARDEN.

This story tends to show the different views that can be taken by different novelists. Mr. Benjamin Swift wrote a book on the venerable theme of love and called it *The Destroyer*; Miss Warden does a similar thing and calls it *The Master Key*. Her motto runs: "Love is the Master Key that opens every ward of the heart of man." A busy, domestic story, by a writer who, since her first appearance with *The House on the Marsh*, has always been entertaining. (C. Arthur Pearson. 381 pp. 6s.)

THE TRAGEDY OF A NOSE.

By E. GERARD.

Here is a passage: "The agony experienced by a young mother when she learns that her first-born child has been taken from her by death can scarcely be more bitter than the stab of pain I experienced on realising that my nose, my beautiful nose, the pride of my face, and the hitherto idol of my existence, had been taken from me by a ruthless butcher hand." (Digby, Long & Co. 194 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

By H. FALCONER ATLEE.

The story opens in a French college and wanders thence to London, to Spain, to Mexico; and the style is appropriately garnished with foreign flowers. Here is the kind of thing that goes on in Mexico: "'Por Dios, you are a man,' said the Mexican, raising his *sombrero* and bowing to Frosty. 'If it is war, here goes!' and drawing a pistol he fired at the Englishman. 'Missed,' responded Frosty, bowing to the other, and firing rapidly he brought the leader to one knee. 'Thank you!' said the Mexican, coolly." (F. V. White. 296 pp. 6s.)

THE EDGE OF HONESTY.

By CHARLES GLEIG.

The story of a wrong choice by a woman, and of an unhappy marriage in consequence. The man of doubtful honesty is carefully drawn, and the more difficult figure of the faithful curate makes a clutch at the reader's sympathy. Quite a serious piece of work, without any pretence to brilliancy. (John Lane. 375 pp. 6s.)

THE GOLD-FINDER.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

In its serial form this yarn was entitled *The Gold Magnet*; and it is unfortunate that the author has found it necessary to change the name. The central ideal is of a mysterious composite which solves "the problem of the electro-magnetic affinities of the Noble Metals. Wherever any of them are in appreciable quantities—gold, platinum, uranium, iridium, vanadium, gallium, and so on up the scale of rarity and value—that needle will point to them, no matter what non-metallic substances may intervene." Having become possessed of so intelligent a pointer, you are on the high road to adventure and wealth; and with a knack of narrative, an author may make a first-rate magazine serial out of the consequences. (F. V. White. 312 pp.)

DORCAS DENE, DETECTIVE.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

His moustache is waxed, his eyes glitter (we allude to the young man in the picture outside), his teeth gleam like the teeth of one who hisses "Traitor!" She wears a picture hat and a tailor-made jacket, and, unabashed, with a steady "gun" she covers the tip of his nose. An obliging gentleman-friend pinions the villain from behind; another pinions him from before. The story is written by Mr. George R. Sims. (F. V. White. 119 pp. 1s.)

THE PERIL OF A LIE.

BY MRS. ALICE M. DALE.

Look on this picture: "The late baronet—Sir Adrian—had been the worst of all the Bannings; none so bad had been known in the family before. . . . Sir Adrian was a bad man—a bad husband, a bad father—and when he died he left the estate more encumbered than he had found it—he left it, in fact, on the verge of ruin." And on this, of his successor: "None could look into his face and not feel how good and kind and wise he was; and weak and helpless people would turn instinctively to him for protection," and so on. So there is no danger of confusing one with the other. The book ends: "'Love and remorse!' sobbed Marcia, with her head on Mrs. Arbuthnot's breast; 'and God protect me from even the shadow of a lie again!'" (Routledge. 312 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

The Unknown Sea. By Clemence Housman.
(Duckworth & Co.)

WHILE recognising to the full the pains that Miss Housman has given to this mystical exercise, we cannot consider it satisfactory. It is overdone. Where one looks for a free hand one finds stippling. The juice of life is wanting. An allegory, to justify itself, should, we hold, move with a more springy, more joyous, tread. Miss Housman's initial idea had, we doubt not, vivacity and vigour; but excessive assiduity has crowded these qualities from the completed work.

The story is of the young Christian, a fisher lad dwelling among a Southern people, who have such names as Giles, Rhoda, Lois, and Philip, and speak the language of Mr. Meredith. Bolder than his fellows, he ventures to the dread Isle Sinister, and there meets a sea-woman, Diadymene, beautiful and soulless. He loves her, but loves his religion more, and will not risk his soul, as she demands, to win this enchantress. Each time he returns to the mainland it is with some gift from Diadymene in his nets, and the fishers, being a superstitious folk, double the thumb at Christian and, at first, shun him, but later, when he shows resistance, seize and torture him. Ill succeeds to ill, but Christian remains steadfast to his faith. Giles, his adopted father, dies, ruin comes upon the house, Lois, his adopted mother, pines and grieves, his nets draw nothing up. In the end, he sets forth on Christmas Eve, armed with the precious berries of the rowan, to reclaim the lost sea-woman, the only happy and gay figure in this gloomy narrative. Finding her, he dies, and she—she gains a soul and with it knowledge of evil and suffering.

There is more than this, of course; but to tell all would be to copy out the book; and the upshot of all appears to be that mortification of the flesh is a monstrous error. Here is the conclusion of the epilogue:

"Tell us in some figure of words how the soul of Christian entered for reward into the light of God's countenance."

At rest her body lay, and over it sang the winds.

"Tell us in some figure of words how Lois beheld these two hand in hand, and recognised the wonderful ways of God and His mercy in the light of His countenance."

At rest her body lay, and over it grasses grew.

We need no words to tell us that God did wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Surely, surely; for quietly in the grave the elements resumed their atoms."

Were all Miss Housman's writing as simple and flexible as that, *The Unknown Sea* would be a joy to read. But far from it—her sentences too often are tortured beyond tolerance. We have elaborate construction for elaborate construction's sake; the most

ordinary actions, which readers of any intelligence would take for granted, set forth with endless labour. It is, in short, a variety of style whose life breath is wit: and there is no wit here. Allegories demand an easier, more straightforward manner; they should not be repositories of all the newest words. Yet we would be fair: Miss Housman, now and again, offers passages of strange beauty. Thus, of the approach of Diadymene:

"Came trampling and singing and clapping, promising welcome to ineffable glories, ravishing the heart in its anguish to conceive of a regnant presence in the midst. Coming, coming, with ready hands and lips. Came a drench, bitter-sweet, enabling speech: like a moan it broke weak, though at its full expense, 'Diadymene.' Came she."

* * * * *
A Year's Exile. By George Bourne.
(John Lane.)

ON the surface, this book seems to lack originality; but examine it more closely, and originality becomes one of its chief characteristics. Dr. Mitchell, the surgeon of a remote countryside, exchanged practices with Dr. Wright, a Londoner, whose wife needed pure air for a time. He became friendly with the friends of Wright, and among these were the Lane Thomsons; Mr. Lane Thomson was a journalist—a clever, calm, not unkind man, apt to neglect a singularly gracious wife and to take for granted her loyalty and constant self-sacrifice. Mitchell began by sympathising with Mrs. Lane Thomson, and soon was in love with her. Then, when Lane Thomson fell ill, he was tempted to poison the sick man, but withstood the hysteric impulse. Through the agency of a maidservant certain rumours were spread about; a painful explanation ensued between the three persons chiefly interested, and (we are to suppose) Mitchell went back to his countryside practice. So stated, the story appears commonplace—especially that well-worn poison situation—but the real theme of the book underlies all these incidents, which merely illustrate and embroider it. Mr. Bourne's purpose has been to show the disintegrating effect of London on the character of a man accustomed to the sanities and naturalness of rural life. He treats this theme with remarkable subtlety. At first Mitchell has strength to protest against the sinister influences. He goes to a concert, and discussing the performance afterwards—

"he turned to Mrs. Thomson, and with an impatient gleam in his eyes went on, 'At home, an old man I know is minding sheep on the hillside by starlight—unless he's freezing to death at this moment. It's cold enough. The thought of him while that girl was singing exquisitely made me fairly ashamed to be there listening. I never heard anything more exquisitely false and dead in my life.'"

But soon he loses faith in his own craft, because, working largely among the poor, his healing seems only to prolong their unrelieved misery, and from this point the decadence develops rapidly. Through an apparently simple, but really complicated intrigue, the climax is approached with skill and precision; almost before he is aware of it, Mitchell finds himself in a position as humiliating as any that an honourable man could conceive. The crucial explanatory interview is very well done indeed, and it finally illumines some of the obscure motives and traits which have led up to it, exposing the characters completely at just the proper moment.

In spite of its unobtrusiveness and quietude, this book is, in fact, an ambitious one, in that the author has tried to disclose much more of the baffling subtlety of life than the usual novelist cares to attempt. His success has not been complete—the opening of the story seems misty, and there is several times a certain maladroitness in the contrivance of incident—but it is sufficient and striking enough to arouse a sincere interest in Mr. Bourne's future. And, in the meantime, here is a solid achievement in characterisation. One notes that the women are more successful than the men. Mrs. Lane Thomson is an authentic creation; her attitude at the end, after all her sympathy with Dr. Mitchell and secret chafing against her husband, is inevitable and convincing. Thomson himself, logical and unimpassioned, can view the affair from Mitchell's standpoint, and wants peace:

"'I'll endeavour to explain,' he says to her a little angrily, 'if you will be reasonable.'"

Her face grew hot, and anger flashed in her eyes.

"Thanks; I'm tired of reason. There's no room for it here. He's tried to come between me and you. . . . I don't know—I'm ashamed to think—what he must have taken me for—and I loathe it! I loathe it. I want never to see him again.'"

Although *A Year's Exile* deals mainly with London, there is a rural interlude in the middle of the book, and Mr. Bourne takes advantage of it to give some descriptions of high summer which are really notable—distinguished by a fine style and a passionate sympathy with nature:

"They were sitting after dinner was over on the lawn again, and watching the almost imperceptible progress of the stately afternoon. The swallows had withdrawn to other valleys where water was more plentiful, and gradually the talk of the three friends died away as though they were overawed by the full majesty of the summer. Everything was perfectly still; the only sound was the humming undertone of the bees, and that was so solemn that it seemed like the silence grown audible. Far off the blue hills slept; soft blue smoke stole up from the village below them, hidden by trees; the trees were motionless; and from the lawn they sat on to the farthest hillside and away beyond—where the sea was sparkling—the golden sunlight lay as if entranced. But it was no trance—that tremendous calm; it was rather the silence of breathless worship—the world's kneeling reverence for the sun at his work. Every vibrating ray in those wide miles of glowing light was bringing life down, and every leaf, every blade of grass on the farthest upland, was as if tense with the passion of existence. . . ."

This is writing. Mr. Bourne should treat of country life next time.

* * * * *

The Bishop's Dilemma. By Ella D'Arcy.
(John Lane.)

THIS is a smooth and a placid little book—with none of the emotional and verbal intensities which are to be found here and there in Miss D'Arcy's volume of stories—miscalled *Monochromes*. It relates the uneventful annals of the Roman Catholic Mission founded at Hatterly by that munificent patron of religion, Lady Welford. After the living had fallen vacant, Lady Welford wrote to her Bishop pathetically to inquire when his lordship was going to take pity "on his poor little flock at Welford, so long deprived of the consolations . . ." &c. "When are you coming down to see us?" she continues. "Will the strawberries tempt you? . . . I shall certainly expect you when the figs are ripe. . . . I hope you are taking care of your health, so precious to us all." And the plaintive, resigned, seductive letter concludes, of course, with "Always your sincere friend and affectionate daughter in Christ." After that one learns without surprise that Lady Welford grossly ill-treats her paid companion, the young, delicate, submissive Mary Deane.

The dear Bishop sends her a priest named Fayler, a fragile, genteel shepherd who has found the care of the obstreperous sheep of a Hammersmith "settlement" too exciting for his nervous system. Fayler goes down to Hatterly with nebulous hopes and a very definite social ambition. He dines as frequently as he may at "the Park," and extends to Mary Deane a covert but very real sympathy. When Mary Deane sprains her foot in assisting Father Fayler to decorate the altar, the young priest's solicitude for her brings Lady Welford to the conclusion that this union of souls has proceeded far enough—she could never tolerate the slightest consideration shown to Mary Deane—and in her most perfect manner she packs off the poor paid companion on the instant. From that moment Father Fayler languishes and loses tone. Oppressed by the frightful solitude of a Catholic priest set in the midst of a community chiefly antagonistic, he acquires what Mr. G. S. Street has decorously termed "the habit of wine," and in the end the dear Bishop is compelled to remove him to a new and less trying sphere. So it ends. Of that which happened to Mary Deane nothing is disclosed.

When we have said that the book is one to be perused with quiet satisfaction, we have said nearly all that is necessary concerning *The Bishop's Dilemma*. The writing, the construction, the characterisation, the faint humour—each of these is good, even very good: one cannot but find pleasure in Miss D'Arcy's craftsmanship, and in the austerity of her methods. Yet one could have wished for a little more fire, or, at any rate, a little more piquancy. There is only one episode in the story which rouses our feelings beyond a tepid admiration; and that is the confessional scene between Mary and Father Fayler. The whole of this is done with insight and fine analytical skill:

"Fayler could see the tears running down her cheeks, which were no longer pale, but brilliant with emotion. He was as much moved as she, and even more surprised; for he was too unversed in human nature not

to be surprised at discovering how little a quiet and submissive appearance may express the soul within.

Nor, hitherto, had he had any experience in the directing of delicate and complex consciences. His penitents at Hammersmith had been mostly men who had got drunk or done worse, and the women who came to complain of the men's misdemeanours—there is a class of women who invariably confess their husbands' sins instead of their own. With these he knew how to deal. First, he terrified them with threats of God's vengeance and hell's fire; then, when their soul was limp with fear, he kneaded into it Christ's redeeming love; and finally sent them away with a good thumping penance. . . .

With the Lady Welfords of life, too, he was not unskilful. . . . He knew that he had merely to listen to their decorous shortcomings with unwearied attention, to speak to them in soothing, conventional phrases; and, for penance, to give them, at the most, three Paters, three Aves, and three Glorias.

But here was a case for which he had no precedent. . . ."

And, when Mary Deane had confessed all her desires and discontents, and her fear that he must hate her—

"'It is the sin we hate, not the sinner,' said Fayler, repeating mechanically the phrase he had been taught to say. But, in reality, he felt an intense sympathy with the girl. He, too, had been troubled by the temptation that life was not worth living, by longings for something else, for something different, for other scenes and conditions. . . ."

In some curious subtle way, *The Bishop's Dilemma* is reminiscent (though not as regards theme) of that early work of Huysmans' *à l'Eau*. We trust this does not mean that Miss D'Arcy is going to write a work which will be reminiscent of *à Rebours*. But it occurs to us that she might do something grandiosely effective, on a big canvas, with the psychology of a Catholic priest. So far, she has attempted nothing large.

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The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People. By W. C. Morrow.
(Grant Richards.)

LIKE the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, Mr. Morrow is clearly bent upon making our flesh creep. He brings to the task considerable imagination, some skill in telling a story, and a wealth of technical terms borrowed from the Operating Theatre. On the whole, he is the most consistently gruesome writer with whom we are acquainted, and horrors have a morbid fascination for him. In *The Ape, the Idiot, &c.*, we have some fourteen tales collected together, and there is hardly one of them that is not calculated to produce nightmares. "His Unconquerable Enemy" is perhaps one of the most repulsive, but "Over an Absinthe Bottle" is not particularly cheerful. "The Permanent Stiletto" is very mad, and in this Mr. Morrow is able to revel to the full in the argot of the Dissecting Room. This is the kind of thing:

"'What are you going to do?' asked Arnold.

"Save your life, if possible."

"How? Tell me all about it."

"Must you know?"

"Yes."

"Very well then. The point of the stiletto has passed entirely through the aorta, which is the great vessel rising out of the heart and carrying the aerated blood to the arteries. If I should withdraw the weapon the blood would rush from the two holes in the aorta and you would soon be dead. If the weapon had been a knife, the parted tissues would have yielded, and the blood would have been forced out on either side of the blade, and would have caused death. As it is, not a drop of blood has escaped from the aorta into the thoracic cavity. All that is left for us to do, then, is to allow the stiletto to remain permanently in the aorta. Many difficulties at once present themselves, and I do not wonder at Dr. Rowell's look of surprise and incredulity."

No more do we. However, the stiletto *does* remain in the aorta, and what happens after that persons with an appetite for horrors will learn for themselves from this book. There remains the larger question whether the merely gruesome is quite a fit subject for art. The repulsive has, no doubt, a considerable fascination for a certain sort of reader, and Mr. Morrow probably counts upon finding a public which will take pleasure in these stories, but we imagine that most people will prefer something more cheerful in the way of "light" reading. Moreover, from the purely artistic standpoint, we think there is a danger in this sort of writing which Mr. Morrow has not always sufficiently recognised, the danger of slipping from the horrible to the ridiculous. The dying man's apostrophe to the shark which waits to devour him in "A Game of Honour" is an illustration of this. But Mr. Morrow has power of a kind, and though sometimes grotesque, is usually readable.

TWO PREFACES BY MR. BARRIE.

Two prefaces by Mr. Barrie in one week is good. We hope he will continue the notion through the summer. The books thus honoured are a new edition of Mr. George W. Cable's *The Grandissimes* and a collection of Mrs. Oliphant's short stories. Mr. Cable's story first appeared in 1880; and now Mr. Barrie eulogises it in its new edition. We quote about half of Mr. Barrie's Introductory Note:

"To sit in a laundry and read *The Grandissimes*—that is the quickest way of reaching the strange city of New Orleans. Once upon a time, however, I took the other route, drawn to the adventure by love of Mr. Cable's stories, and before I knew my way about the St. Charles Hotel (not, as Mr. Cable would explain, the St. Charles of *Dr. Sevier*, but its successor), while the mosquitoes and I were still looking at each other, before beginning, several delightful Creole ladies had called to warn me. Against what? Against believing Mr. Cable. They came singly, none knew of the visits of the others, but they had heard what brought me there; like ghosts they stole in and told their tale, and then like ghosts they stole away. The tale was that Mr. Cable misrepresented them; Creoles are not and never were 'like that,' especially the ladies. I sighed, or would have sighed had I not been so pleased. I said I supposed it must be so; no ladies in the flesh could be quite so delicious as the Creole ladies of Mr. Cable's imagination, which seemed to perplex them. They seemed to be easily perplexed, and one, I half think, wanted to be a man for an hour or two just to see how those ladies would impress her then. But by the time she regained the French quarter she was probably sure that she had convinced me. And she had, they all did, one after the other—that the sweet Creoles who haunt these beautiful pages were not always ghosts, but always ghost-like. They come into the book like timid children fascinated by the hand held out to them, yet ever ready to fly, and even when they seem most real, they are still out of touch; you feel that if you were to go one step nearer they would vanish away. Such is the impression they leave in all Mr. Cable's books, and his painting of them would be as faulty as the masterpiece exhibited by Honoré Grandissime's cousin in Mr. Frowenfeld's window if their descendants were not a little scared by it, they who had for so long peeped from behind veils and over balconies to be at last introduced to that very mixed society, the reading public! What would Aurora of this book have said to it? She is the glory of the book; no one, not even Mr. Cable (who rather disgracefully shirks the question) can tell why Joseph Frowenfeld 'went over' from her to Clotilde (I am sure Joseph did not know) after feeling that to be with her was like 'walking across the vault of heaven with the evening star on his arm' (which is exactly what talking to a Creole lady in the St. Charles Hotel is like); yet had Aurora been of a later age and heard what Mr. Cable was about, she would certainly, without consulting that droll little saint Clotilde, have slipped out of bed some night to invoke the naughty spirits, and when the novelist awoke he would have been horrified to find in one corner of his pillow an acorn, in another a joint of cornstalk, in a third a bunch of feathers. And though he had gone mad with terror she would have held that it served him right. And she would have had more acorns and feathers for the pillows of suspicious visitors to the St. Charles Hotel."

To *A Widow's Tale, and Other Stories*, Mr. Barrie contributes an Introductory Note of rather more than three pages. He gives a charming account of his first meeting with Mrs. Oliphant a dozen years ago, when she "ordered" him to Windsor. Passing from portraiture to criticism, Mr. Barrie writes:

"I wonder if there is among the younger Scottish novelists of to-day any one so foolish as to believe that he has a right to a stool near this woman, any one who has not experienced a sense of shame (and some rage at his heart) if he found that for the moment his little efforts were being taken more seriously than hers: I should like to lead the simple man by the ear down the long procession of her books. It is too long a procession, though there are so many fine figures in it—men and women and boys (the boy in *Sir Tom* is surely among the best in fiction) in the earlier stories, nearly all women in the latest; but whether they would have been greater books had she revised one instead of beginning

another is probably to be doubted. Not certainly because the best of them could not have been made better. That is obvious to almost any reader: there nearly always comes a point in Mrs. Oliphant's novels where almost any writer of the younger school, without a sixth part of her capacity, could have stepped in with advantage. Often it is at the end of a fine scene, and what he would have had to tell her was that it was the end, for she seldom seemed to know. Even *Kirsteen*, which I take to be the best, far the best, story of its kind that has come out of Scotland for the last score of years, could have been improved by the comparative duffer. Condensation, a more careful choice of words, we all learn these arts in the schools nowadays—they are natural to the spirit of the age; but Mrs. Oliphant never learned them, they were contrary to her genius (as to that of some other novelists greater than she), and they would probably have trammelled her so much that the books would have lost more than they gained. We must take her as she was, believing that she knew the medium which best suited her talents, though it was not the best medium."

FOR THOSE WHO CANNOT SLEEP.

The Breath of Life, which bears the sub-title, "a series of self-treatments," is by Ursula N. Gesterfeld, and is published by the Gesterfeld Publishing Company of New York. It contains a series of meditations or spiritual assertions on such subjects as "When there is a Sense of Injury," "When there is Fear of Heredity," "When there is Fear of Death," "When there is Fear of Failure in Business," "When there is Difficulty in Letting Go of the Past," "When the Sense of Sight Diminishes with Advancing Age." We find it difficult to select (says *Light*, a Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research), but incline to quote, as a specimen, the useful and beautiful meditation on "When there is the Sense named Insomnia":

I am free from all struggle and strife.
I am free from anxiety and apprehension.
I am free from all strain and tension.
I abide under the shadow of the Almighty.
I am able to see what I should do. I am able to do what I see should be done.
I have clear vision because I desire to do only that which is right and just.
I shall not entangle myself, I shall be shown the way in which I should walk, moment by moment.
Whatever comes into my mortal experience, for me there is no loss; there can be only gain.
Because of what I am in being, nothing pertaining to my growth in self-recognition can bring me real harm.
I see and feel that I am complete and whole, and that I live and move and have this being in God, my Cause.
I am safe and secure every moment.
I am cradled in the eternal arms, I rest upon the Infinite bosom.
I am sinking into that sleep which is peace and rest, refreshment and strengthening.
It is mine as a child-soul that is nurtured from the divine; and I have no fear of aught that can befall me.
There is One that neither slumbers nor sleeps, and I am guarded and protected.
I give myself up to quiet slumber. I sleep with the sleeping world, with the fields and the flowers, with the creatures small and great.
For we are one Brotherhood, and I hear the voice of our Father in the murmur of the stream, the gentle rustle of the night-wind, the breath of the flowers.
It says to me, "Rest, my child. All things rest. Take your rest. I am here. I will never leave nor forsake you."
I let go all effort to do or to be.
I sink back into these waiting arms.
I feel them close tenderly about me.
I am in the "green pastures," beside the "still waters." I am with the Good Shepherd of the sheep.
I am asleep, for "He giveth His beloved sleep."
We know from experience that the quiet determination and steady unanxious willing here indicated can cure Insomnia.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1898.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

IN her charming book, which is reviewed elsewhere in this paper, *The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor*, Lady Newdigate-Newdegate, in referring to Sir Roger Newdigate's bequest of £1,000 for the Newdigate Prize for Poetry, states that the two conditions were that the poems should contain no compliments to himself ("If there is it will make me sick"), and that the number of lines should not exceed fifty. "When he was asked: 'Will you not allow another fifty?' 'No, no,' he said, 'I won't tire them in the theatre.' Later on he observed on the same subject: 'One great fault is want of compression. The best of Horace's odes and the finest Psalms are seldom more than about that length.'"

BUT in actual fact the Newdigate prize poem now runs to many more than fifty lines, and Mr. Buchan's *Pilgrim Fathers*, which lies before us, has upwards of a hundred. Why and when this laxity was permitted we cannot say, but it is noticeable that the first poem to exceed the fifty was R. S. Hawker's *Pompeii* in 1827. Before that, however, the authors had frequently enlarged their poems for publication. It seems to us a pity that Sir Roger Newdigate's conditions are not adhered to: "want of compression" is still a fault.

NEARLY all the references to the death of Mr. Alfred Cock took note only of his eminence as a Q.C., and ignored altogether the attainments of his rare and well used leisure—his energy and skill as a collector of fine things. A leading spirit for several years past at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, Mr. Cock had familiarised himself with many departments of connoisseurship, and had formed and carefully retained various collections. These, we believe, will now

almost immediately be dispersed—Japanese bronzes, lacquers, English printed books, the famous collection associated with the name of Sir Thomas More—these and other things will be scattered under the hammer, perhaps before the end of the present month. It is hoped, however, that the Sir Thomas More collection, though offered in the auction room, will only be parted with *en bloc*. It is of a unique character, and its possession of itself gives distinction to whatever person may acquire it.

THE Poet Laureate wrote, a few weeks ago, a poem in which a friendly alliance between England and America was foreshadowed. Such was the effect of that utterance that he has been compelled to address the following letter to the *New York Herald*: "Since the publication of 'A Voice from the West' I have received, and continue to receive, so many and such generous communications from the United States that I am placed in a position of some embarrassment. I should have liked to return to each of my correspondents a separate reply, but their number makes it impossible. Will you, therefore, be good enough to afford me an opportunity of assuring those to whom I may not have written that I am deeply sensible of their kindness, and that I rejoice to find the sentiment of kinship to which I ventured to give utterance is even more widely entertained, and more strongly felt, than I had imagined."

No official poem has been written on the death of Mr. Gladstone, but the free lances have offered fitting tributes, the best of which are particularly good. Mr. Meredith, Sir Lewis Morris, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. Hall Caine—these are a few who have offered the melodious meed of praise. Mr. Meredith's sonnet in the *Chronicle* concluded with the following lines:

"A splendid image built of man has flown,
His deeds inspired of God outstep a Past.
Ours the great privilege to have had one
Among us who celestial tasks has done."

Mr. Hall Caine figured the statesman as an old oak, thus:

"His feet laid hold of the marl and earth, his
head was in the sky,
He had seen a thousand bulb and burst, he
had seen a thousand die,
And none knew when he began to be—of
trees that grew on that ground—
Lord of the wood, King of the oaks, Monarch
of all around."

Much better we like the Browningsque fragment signed "A. G. B." in the *Spectator*, which we take the liberty of quoting in full:

"HEREAFTER.

What, you saw Gladstone? men will sometime
ask;

Had he that look, as if he, straining, saw
A tiger creeping on an innocent child,
And none to help it; or a serpent crawl
Threatening unconscious sleep? You heard
him speak?
Did his eye burn? His voice, was it deep,
rich,

Melodious, like some full-toned organ pipe,
Greatest when pealing anthems o'er the dead?
And did it swell when, 'neath the oppressor's
scourge,
He saw the helpless, hopeless of mankind
Perish uncared for? till the heart stood still,
And the breath stopped: and, when he made
an end,
Still the ear heard: his very silence spoke?
Ah, you were happy! We have not such men
Now. He was born nearer the times of fire;
We, in a colder age that knows, not burns.
We have our warmth, but not the fire of old.

Fire? Yes, it has its dangers; now and then
Its child is earthquake. Yet, without that
fire,
Where were the heat that keeps alive the
world?"

BUT among all the elegies none, it seems to us, had such felicity as the blank verse contributed by Mr. Stephen Phillips to last Saturday's *Chronicle*. Here are three beautiful stanzas:

"The saint and poet dwell apart; but thou
Wast holy in the furious press of men,
And choral in the central rush of life.
Yet didst thou love old branches and a book,
And Roman verses on an English lawn.

Thy voice had all the roaring of the wave,
And hoarse magnificence of rushing stones;
It had the murmur of Ionian bees,
And the persuading sweetness of a shower.
Clarion of God! thy ringing peal is o'er!

Thou gav'st to party strife the epic note,
And to debate the thunder of the Lord;
To meanest issues fire of the Most High.
Hence eyes that ne'er beheld thee now are
dim,
And alien men on alien shores lament."

IN *Macmillan's Magazine* some dozen years ago appeared a chapter from Prof. Boscher's *Post-Christian Mythology* (Berlin and New York, A.D. 3886) entitled "The Great Gladstone Myth." Subsequently it found its way into Mr. Lang's collection of humorous stories called *In the Wrong Paradise*. That entertaining book, although it contains the engaging fooling to which Mr. Lang put the title "The End of Phœacia," and much other excellent reading, fell flat, in the way that good ironical books do fall flat—Dr. Garnett's *Twilight of the Gods*, for example, a work due to a kindred inspiration. Coming to Mr. Lang's mischief again the other day we were as much amused as ever. Among Gladstonian literature Prof. Boscher's chapter takes a worthy place.

OUR little contemporary, the *Quartier Latin*, has ranged itself into line with other more actual periodicals by issuing with its May number four drawings of Mr. Gladstone, made by Mr. Forrest in St. Swithin's Church, Bournemouth, in March last. Mr. Forrest's completed picture was that which has been reproduced by *To-Day*.

A VERY caustic observer of literary doves has the place of honour of the June *Blackwood*. Who he is we know not, but his hand is heavy and his prejudices strong. "Among the Young Lions" is his title, the Young Lions being Mr. H. G. Wells and

Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. Le Gallienne and Mr. Jerome, Mr. Pett Ridge and Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Benjamin Swift, and others. The list is by no means a complete one, even of the roaring lions; while of lions who dwell in seclusion rather than in public cages there is no word at all. In fact, the critic has made notoriety the touchstone of "leoninity."

Blackwood's lion hunter carries a heavy weapon, and some of his prey crawl away badly wounded. Mr. Benjamin Swift escapes from the *battus* a mass of injuries, and Mr. Jerome and Mr. Le Gallienne fare little better. On the other hand, Mr. W. P. Ryan, whose *Literary London* seems to have been the critic's inspiration, is kindly treated. Mr. Barry Pain is bidden to go on and prosper, Mr. Wells is deemed not wholly superfluous, Mr. Pett Ridge is patted on the back, Mr. Morrison wins a few nice adjectives, Mr. Marriott Watson is praised for *Galloping Dick*, Mr. Jacobs is gently disbelieved in (but the critic does not seem to have read *Many Cargoes*), Mr. G. W. Stevens and Mr. Coulson Kernahan are carefully avoided, and two writers for the *Pink 'Un* extolled.

COMING to generalities, here is a passage intended for perusal by Vagabonds and Omarians:

"There is one development, however, of the advertising mania to which we feel constrained particularly to advert. Certain men of letters, it would seem, band themselves into societies under some striking name—such as the Bohemian Bounders or the Hajji Baba Club—the capital object of whose existence is after-dinner speaking. . . . To dine twice or thrice a year for the purpose of making speeches which are to be reported more or less faithfully and fully, is a form of amusement that has never hitherto commended itself to men or women of sense. To judge from the authorised reports, the banqueters have famous times. The speakers extol one another with amazing fluency and well-affected gusto. . . . We are unable to perceive what good effect such clubs and such gatherings can possibly produce upon anybody. Their practical result is the exaltation of the busybody, and the getting up of addresses in honour of some foreign or domestic curiosity. In truth, the Authors and Authoresses of England are rapidly becoming as great a nuisance collectively as the Mothers of England used to make themselves half a century ago."

AND here is a criticism of younger fiction in general, and its refusal to depict gentlemen and ladies:

"Just as no portrait of a gentleman or a lady has been suffered to appear in *Punch* since Mr. Du Maurier's death, so there would seem to be a conspiracy on foot among the novelists to dissemble their knowledge of those ranks of life to which we have alluded, and to feign an ignorance as profound as that of Miss Annie S. Swan or Mr. George R. Sims. For we cannot suppose that this ostentatious want of knowledge is real, though the resources of art enable them to carry it off naturally enough. We learn from our *Who's Who* that many of them had a University education, and that most, besides a house in town, have a box in the country. Is it conceivable that they only associate with one another, and that at the banquets to which we have already alluded?"

THE lion hunter should certainly be replied to. Will not some young lion undertake the office? "Among the Old Boars" should be a useful title.

SEVERAL English and Continental papers, says the *Anglo-Russian*, have published paragraphs about preparations being made in Russia by the admirers of Count Tolstoy to celebrate his literary jubilee this year. Some papers have even gone into details and explained that the Count himself does not view with favour such demonstrations, as they may increase the difficulties of his position with the Russian Government, already in many respects a very unpleasant one. We are able to state, adds our contemporary, that of Tolstoy's literary jubilee this year there can be no question, for the simple reason that his literary career dates from 1852 and not from 1848. His first story-essay "Dyetswo" (Childhood) was written and published in the now extinct *Sovremennik* (The Contemporary) in 1852.

IN a further instalment of extracts from letters written by Charles Lamb to Robert Lloyd, printed for the first time in the current *Cornhill*, we take the following "appreciation," in Elia's best manner, of the *Complete Angler*:

"I shall expect you to bring me a brimful account of the pleasure which Walton has given you, when you come to town. It must square with your mind. The delightful innocence and healthfulness of the Angler's mind will have blown upon yours like a Zephyr. Don't you already feel your spirit filled with the scenes?—the banks of rivers—the cowslip beds—the pastoral scenes—the real alehouses—and hostesses and milkmaids, as far exceeding Virgil and Pope as the 'Holy Living' is beyond Thomas à Kempis? Are not the eating and drinking joys painted to the life?—do they not inspire you with an animated hunger? Are not you ambitious of being made an Angler? . . . The *Complete Angler* is the only Treatise written in Dialogues that is worth a halfpenny. Many elegant dialogues have been written (such as Bishop Berkeley's 'Minute Philosopher'), but in all of them the Interlocutors are merely abstract arguments personified; not living dramatic characters, as in Walton, where everything is alive, the fishes are absolutely characterised, and birds and animals are as interesting as men and women."

MR. HENLEY's Civil List Pension of £200 is as it should be. His has been the double achievement—to write finely himself, and to urge others to their best. Poet sweet and strong, powerful critic, stimulating editor—Mr. Henley has worked tirelessly against odds. We trust he may long enjoy Mr. Balfour's wise grant.

IN connexion with Mr. Henley's pension our readers may be interested to read the list of persons who, during the last three years 1895-1897, have received grants:

| | |
|---|------|
| Huxley, Mrs. Henrietta Anne, widow of Right Hon. Prof. Thomas H. Huxley, scientist | £200 |
| Hunter, William Alexander, jurispudent | 200 |
| Arlidge, Dr. John Thomas, hygienist | 150 |
| Thurston, Lady, widow of the late Sir John Bates Thurston, K.C.M.G., Governor of Fiji | 150 |

| | |
|--|------|
| Cox, Rev. Sir George William, historian and classic | £120 |
| Hammond, James, mathematician | 120 |
| Heaviside, Oliver, electrician | 120 |
| Glennie, J. S. Stuart, historian | 100 |
| Broome, Lady, widow of Sir F. N. Broome, K.C.M.G., Governor of W. Australia | 100 |
| Dickens, Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of Charles Dickens, junior | 100 |
| Trollope, Mrs. Rose, widow of the late Anthony Trollope | 100 |
| Buckland, Miss Anne Walbank, anthropologist | 80 |
| Barnby, Edith Mary, Lady, widow of Sir Joseph Barnby, musician | 70 |
| Hind, Mrs. Fanny, widow of Dr. John R. Hind, F.R.S., astronomer | 70 |
| Pyne-Bodda, Mme. Louisa, operatic singer | 70 |
| Houghton, Mrs. Margaret Anne, widow of Rev. William Houghton, scientific writer | 50 |
| Varley, Samuel Alfred, electrician, additional | 50 |
| Bryce, Archibald Hamilton, D.C.L. | 50 |
| Garrett, Mrs. M., widow of the composer | 50 |
| Keane, Aug. Henry, F.R.G.S., ethnologist | 50 |
| Steingass, Dr. Francis, Oriental scholar | 50 |
| Wallace, Mrs. Jane, widow of Prof. Wallace | 50 |
| Hatch, Misses Beatrice, Ethel, and Evelyn, daughters of the late Rev. Edwin Hatch, ecclesiastical historian, each | 30 |
| Mason, Miss May Martha, daughter of late George Mason, painter | 30 |
| Wood, Mrs. Mary Caroline Florence, daughter of late George Mason, painter | 30 |
| Dobson, Misses Francis Elizabeth, Mary, and Julia, sisters of the late Surgeon-Major George E. Dobson, F.R.S., zoologist, each | 25 |
| Morris, Misses Hannah Elizabeth, Helen Frances, and Gertrude, daughters of the late Rev. R. Morris, philologist, each | 25 |

THIS month, we observe, the proprietors of the *Windsor Magazine* are making unusual efforts to bring that periodical under public notice; while the *Strand* blossoms into a double number at its ordinary price. Indeed, competition among the "popular" magazines is becoming acute, the reason probably being that the terrible Mr. Harmsworth is busily preparing the "Harmsworth Magazine," which is due in July, at half the price asked for its older rivals.

MEANWHILE, we are sorry to learn of Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson that, as the result of strain in the fierce competitive war in which he is a fighter, he has so broken down in health as to be practically on the retired list. Mr. Pearson is thirty-two.

MR. GELETT BURGESS, the high-spirited young American gentleman who has never seen a purple cow and never wants to see one, but assures us that anyhow he'd rather see than be one, is coming to London to settle. He might do worse than give us a new series of *The Lark*, the little eccentric monthly which wandered here from San Francisco a year or so ago. Mr. Burgess in his capacity of irresponsible humorist will be very welcome.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Yone Noguchi, who was discovered by Mr. Burgess, sends us from San Francisco his new organ, *The Twilight*, which he edits in partnership with Mr. Takahashi. The price, we learn, is ten cents a copy, or "one dollar" a year. Here is a specimen of Mr. Noguchi's muse:

"The twilight, eating all the weariness given by the sun, calms the joyous discord of human shore.
The twilight—an eternal giver of unwithering spring eases the heart of mortal land with dull ecstasy.
The twilight, bidding the world to bathe in restless peace—silent unrest of slow time, kisses the breasts of kings and gipsies with lulling love.
The twilight—an opiate breath from heaven's hidden dell changes the world to a magic home where all the questions repose into content."

All things considered, we do not propose to subscribe.

APPROPOS Mr. Leland's version of "Time for us to go," a correspondent draws our attention to a lost sea-song of Mr. Stevenson's. He finds it, he says, in an old Sign of the Ship article, by Mr. Lang, where it is quoted as a cap to the former chant. Mr. Lang thus introduced the genial stanzas: "The next sea-song came to us from the sea in an envelope, with the post-mark 'Taiohae Taiti, 21 Août, '88.' The handwriting of the address appears to be that of the redoubted Viking who sailed in John Silver's crew, who winged the *Black Arrow*, and who wandered in the heather with Alan Breck. *Aut Robertus Ludovicus aut Diabolus* sent the song, I presume; but, whether he really heard it sung at Rotherhithe, or whether he is the builder of the lofty rhyme, is between himself and his conscience."

This is the song:

"THE FINE PACIFIC ISLANDS.

(Heard in a public-house at Rotherhithe.)

THE jolly English Yellowboy
Is a 'ansome coin when new,
The Yankee Double-eagle
Is large enough for two.
O, these may do for seaport towns,
For cities these may do;
But the dibbs that takes the Hislands
Are the dollars of Peru:
O, the fine Pacific Hislands,
O, the dollars of Peru!

It's there we buy the cocoanuts
Mast 'eaded in the blue;
It's there we trap the lasses
All awaiting for the crew;
It's there we buy the trader's rum
What bores a seaman through . . .
In the fine Pacific Hislands
With the dollars of Peru:
In the fine Pacific Hislands
With the dollars of Peru!

Now, messmates, when my watch is up
And I am quite broached to,
I'll give a tip to 'Evving
Of the 'ansome thing to do:
Let 'em just refit this sailor-man
And launch him off anew,
To cruise among the Hislands
Of the dollars of Peru:
In the fine Pacific Hislands
With the dollars of Peru!"

We should say that Robertus Ludovicus

was unmistakably the author. But what do the controllers of the *Edinburgh Stevenson* think?

ALL readers of *An Inland Voyage* will remember that it has a charming dedication from R. L. S., of the *Arethusa*, to his companion traveller—"My dear Cigarette." The *Cigarette*, in other words Sir Walter Grindlay Simpson, Bart., has just died. The late Baronet was the son of the famous physician, Sir James Young Simpson. For old time's sake we give Stevenson's dedication in full:

"MY DEAR CIGARETTE,

It was enough that you should have shared so liberally in the rains and portages of our voyage; that you should have had so hard a paddle to recover the derelict *Arethusa* on the flooded Oise; and that you should thenceforth have piloted a mere wreck of mankind to Origny Sainte-Benoite and a supper so eagerly desired. It was perhaps more than enough, as you once somewhat piteously complained, that I should have set down all the strong language to you, and kept the appropriate reflexions for myself. I could not in decency expose you to share the disgrace of another and more public shipwreck. But now that this voyage of ours is going into a cheap edition, that peril, we shall hope, is at an end, and I may put your name on the burgee.

But I cannot pause till I have lamented the fate of our two ships. That, sir, was not a fortunate day when we projected the possession of a canal barge; it was not a fortunate day when we shared our day-dream with the most hopeful of day-dreamers. For a while, indeed, the world looked smilingly. The barge was procured and christened, and as the *Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne* lay for some months the admired of all admirers, in a pleasant river and under the walls of an ancient town. M. Matras, the accomplished carpenter of Moret, had made her a centre of emulous labour; and you will not have forgotten the amount of sweet champagne consumed in the inn at the bridge end, to give zeal to the workmen and speed to the work. On the financial aspect, I would not willingly dwell. The *Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne* rotted in the stream where she was beautified. She felt not the impulse of the breeze; she was never harnessed to the patient track-horse. And when at length she was sold, by the indignant carpenter of Moret, there were sold along with her the *Arethusa* and the *Cigarette*, she of cedar, she, as we knew so keenly on a portage, of solid-hearted English oak. Now these historic vessels fly the tricolor and are known by new and alien names. R. L. S."

MR. LE GALLIENNE is stated to have accepted the chair of English Literature in the Cosmopolitan University, whatever that is, and to have contracted to write for the University a work on rhetoric. "Prof. Le Gallienne" has an even odder look than "Dr. Barrie."

"OUIDA" has sensible views about minor biography. To a correspondent who recently applied to her for materials for a biography, "Ouida" at length wrote:

"I have not replied to you because I regret to refuse your request, and I cannot comply with it. What impertinence and what folly are these so-called biographies of persons who have done nothing to deserve such a punish-

ment! The life of such a man as Burton or Wellington contains material for history, but that of a man or woman of the world has nothing in it which is not essentially private and personal, and with which the public and the press have nothing to do. . . . My works are there for all to read. With me individually they have nothing to do. Print this if you like."

BUT all authors are not like "Ouida." Here is a specimen paragraph which has been sent to us for publication (the —'s are ours): "Mr. —, the author of —, which has recently been issued by —, is a member of the — family. Mr. —, who lives on the Continent, has in his possession the green silk braces which his grand-uncle broke in his death struggle, and the Erin-Go-Bragh ring which was given him by the sister of —, to whom he was engaged to be married. Mr. — himself has had an interesting career, having fought in the —, and having been at one time governor of an — prison. His book, —, has been described as 'every whit as fascinating as the — or —'s military tales.'"

"THE Cambridge Series for Schools and Training Colleges," to be published by the Cambridge University Press, has been prepared in the conviction that text-books simple in style and arrangement, and written by authors of standing, are called for to meet the needs of both pupil teachers and candidates for Certificates. The general editorship of the series has been entrusted to Mr. W. H. Woodward, of Christ Church, Oxford, now the Principal of University (Day) Training College, Liverpool, and Lecturer on Education in Victoria University. Arrangements have already been made for the publication in this series of the following works: *A History of Education from the Beginnings of the Renaissance; An Introduction to Psychology; The Making of Character: the Educational Aspects of Ethics; and An Introduction to the Theory and Practice of the Kindergarten.*

AN exhibition of Mr. F. Carruthers Gould's original cartoons will be opened at the Continental Gallery, 157, New Bond-street, on Saturday, June 11. The collection will consist of about 120 original drawings, and it will be a pictorial history of the principal political events at home and abroad during the last five years. The Parliamentary cartoons range from the Home Rule Session of 1893 up to the present time, and will include several studies of Mr. Gladstone in different characteristic phases. It is needless to say that politics in these cartoons are dealt with from the Liberal point of view.

THE title of Mr. Leslie Stephen's new collection of Essays has been changed to *Studies of a Biographer*. Messrs. Duckworth & Co. announce it for mid June.

ON June 1, 1898, at the Registrar's Office, Henrietta-street, George Bernard Shaw to Miss Payne Townshend.

PURE FABLES.

ON THE SHELF.

"You really have no business here, my friend," said the book of verse to the paper-backed novel.

"Oh—why not?"

"Well, to be frank, you are not literature."

"But I am in my sixty-sixth thousand!"

EQUIPMENTS.

Said the mother to the fairy, "It is my desire that this babe should wax with years into an effective man of letters."

"Wherefore," answered the fairy, "I will give him the three things most necessary to such a man—namely, a nimble brain, a liberal heart, and a thick skin."

THE DREAM.

A starveling poet dreamed in his sleep that it was decreed that he might never put pen to paper again. And he felt rather sorry.

And then he awoke and felt sorrier still.

THIS ALSO—

"When I have climbed unto exaltation," quoth Promise, "I look to make myself passably snug."

"Young man," observed Performance, "virtuals have no sweeter savour on the pinnacle than in the valley."

T. W. H. C.

THE BREITMANN.

IN an age in which even the children prattle of Omar Khayyam, neglect of Hans Breitmann is remarkable. With most persons knowledge of the great Hans stops at the ballad of his Barty. "Hans Breitmann gife a barty," they know that; and they know that

"Ve all cot troonk ash bigs;
I poot mine mout' to a parrel of beer,
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs;
Und den I giesed Matilda Yane,
Und she shlog me on de kop,
Und de company vighted mit duple-lecks
Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop."

And they know that Matilda Yane was

"De pootiest Fräulein in de house,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp,
She make de vindows sound."

But to know this is not to have knowledge of Breitmann himself; for in this ballad, as it happens, Breitmann is no one, a figure entirely in the background, his theories of life unexpressed although partly suggested; whereas in the rest of the book he is tremendous, ever active, ever vocal. Our first glimpse of the true vigorous Hans is in the story of his feats in the gymnasium:

"Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners;
Dey make shimmastig dricks;
He stoot on de middle of de floor,
Und put oop a fidy-six.
Und den he drows it to de roof,
Und schwig off a treadful trink:
De veight coom toomple back on his headt,
Und py shinks! he didn't vink!"

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners;
De ladies coomed in to see;
Dey poot dem in de blace for de gals,
All in der gal-lerie.
Dey ashk: 'Where ish der Breitmann?'
Und dey trempel mit awe and fear
Vhen dey see him schwingen py de toes,
A tricken' lager beer."

The Breitmann here is of the tribe of Falstaff. One need not call Mr. Leland a Shakespeare to point out there is much that is Falstaffian in his hero.

Later, however, the Breitmann's hedonistic creed comes forth. It is sheer Omarism, even to the brink of wistfulness and that persistent consciousness of the transitoriness of all enjoyable things: sheer Omarism, but better, for it has vigour behind it. Thus:

"O life, mein' dear, at pest or vorst,
Ish boot a vancy ball,
Its cratest shoy a vild gallop,
Where madness goferns all.
Und should dey toorn ids gas-light off,
Und nefer leafe a shbark,
Sdill I'd find my vay to Heafen—or
Dy lips, lofe, in de dark.

O crown your het mit roses, lofe!
O keep a liddel sprung!
Oonendless wisdom ish but dis:
To go it while you're yung!
Und Age vas nefer coom to him,
To him Spring plooms afresh,
Who finds a livin' spirit in
Der Teufel und der Flesh."

And, again:

"O vot ve vant to quickest come,
Ish dat vot's soonest gone.
Dis life ish boot a passin' from
De efer-gomin-on.
De gloser dat ve looks at id,
De shsmaller it ish grow;
Who goats und spurs mit lofe und wein
He makes it fastest go."

And—

"De more ve trinks, de more ve sees,
Dis vorldt a derwisch pe;
Das Werden's all von whirling droonk,
Said Breitemann, said he."

And finally—

"Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
Droo all dis earthly land
A vorkin' out life's mission here
Soobyectify und grand.
Some beobleash runs de beautiful,
Some vorks philosophic;
Der Breitmann solfe de infinide
Ash von eternal shpreet!"

Reading this, one half wonders that no Breitmann Club exists for the exploitation of such a simple creed. Omar, who said much the same, was eternally dragging mysticism in. The Breitmann made no such mistake. Yet the absence of a Breitmann Club is not inexplicable when we reflect upon the serious demands on the powers of working journalists—the backbone of such institutions—which membership would involve. For Mr. Leland gives in black and white, over and over again, proofs of his hero's powers; whereas with the Persian we must take it on trust. One can be an Omarian in a Pickwickian sense; but the Breitmannian would have to be thorough. "Drink," cries Omar, "drink, drink," in untiring iteration; but there is no evidence that he ever drank himself. His counsel

is the end of it. When was he seen "schwingen py de toes a tricken' lager beer"? The Breitmann not only talked, he did things:

"Dey vent into a shpordin' crib,
De rowdies cloostered thick,
Dey ashk him dell dem vot o'glock,
Und dat infernal quick;
Der Breitmann draw'd his 'volver oud,
Ash gool as gool couldt pe:
'Id's shoost a-goin' to shdrike six,'
Said Breitemann, said he."

—that was the Breitmann. Of Omar are no such stories told. At most he invented an almanack.

But the Breitmann's greatest deed was to go to church. The ballad of "Breitmann's Going to Church" is Mr. Leland's high-water mark: a superb exercise in grotesque art. It all came of the obstinacy of the bold von Stossenheim, who had "theories of Gott." Stossenheim held that no man could win paradise but by self-mortification. He took Breitmann on "de angles of de moral oxyyen," and convinced him that for his soul's sake he should attend service. The church being decided upon, one of the soldiers—for it was in war time—offered the information that twenty barrels of whiskey were hidden under the floor of it:

"Der Stossenheim, he grossed himself,
Und knelt beside de fence,
Und gried: 'O Coptain Breitmann, see
Die finger Providence!'
Der Breitmann droed his hat afay,
Says he, 'Pe't hit or miss,
I'fe heard of miragles pefore,
Boot none so hunk ash dis.'"

On the road to church the company attacked and slaughtered—massacred rather—a Rebel band; then they passed on and found the church. While some hunted for the whiskey ("Pe referent, men; remember," said Breitmann to the searchers, "dis ish a Gotteshaus") another played the organ; and tears rolled down the Breitmann's face as he thought of his childhood:

"Und louder und mit louder tone
High oop de orgel blowed,
Und plentifully efer yet
Around de whiskey goed.
Dey singed ash if mit singen, dey
Might indo Himmel win:
I dink in all dis land soosh shprees
Ash yet hafe nefer peen."

Suddenly came news of an advancing host of rebels. There was a fierce fight, and Breitmann's party won, but not until Stossenheim was killed. He died sighing:

"Wohl auf, my soul o'er de mountains!
Wohl auf—well ofer de sea!
Dere's a frau dat sits in de Odenwald
Und shpins, und dinks of me.
Dere's a shild ash blays in de greenin grass,
Und sings a liddle hymn,
Und learns to shpeak a fader's name
Dat she nefer will shpeak to him."

The ballad, which is not long, yet more diversified than any piece of its length that we know, is a splendid literary achievement. It is also proof of Breitmann's greatness, thoroughness, and completeness.

Some day Mr. Leland must tell of Breitmann's death. Already he has given some faint forecast of it in an account of

Hans in sickness. Falstaff, nearing his end, babbled of green fields. Breitmann, flung from his "philosopede" (for Hans was among the early cyclists), and picked up stunned, murmured in his unconsciousness this song:

"Ash sommer pring de roses,
Und roses pring de dew,
So Deutschland gifes de maidens
Who fetch de bier for you.
Komm Maidelein! rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein-glass in your paw!
Ve'll get troonk among de roses,
Und pe soper on de shtraw!"

Ash winter pring de ice-wind,
Vitch plow o'er Burg und hill,
Hard times pring in de landlord,
Und de landlord pring de pill.
Boot sing Maidelein! rothe Waengelein!
Mit wein-glass in your paw!
Ve'll get troonk among de roses,
Und pe soper on de shtraw!"

The Breitmann's death should be magnificent.

THE JEW, THE GYPSY, AND THE DREAMER.

WHETHER because war is in the air just now, or because the spirit of Dean Swift has been renewed through the latest volume of the *National Dictionary of Biography*, a miniature Battle of the Books broke out this week upon my library-table. It was an obstinate duel, and the newcomers were, of course, the offenders. At first sight, the combatants seemed unequally matched. Sir Richard Burton's volume boasted more inches than Mr. Zangwill's; and, though the latter excelled in girth, yet he compressed it into so tight a binding that the eye was deceived. But the test by weight set things right. The Gypsy* had widened his margins and fattened his type, the Dreamer† had reduced his paper and constricted his pages till the scales stood practically level. In this way, the lover of fair play—a prominent virtue of the librarian—could only stand aside and watch. It was as well that they should settle their differences before they were committed to the shelf.

Their bone of contention was the Jew. The late Sir Richard Burton, as an ACADEMY reviewer recently set forth, employed the leisure of his Consular duties in Damascus to wander as a native among the natives. He compiled by this means a variety of rapid observations on the customs and habits of the Oriental Jew. He threw in a handful of data from the darker pages of Western history, added some straws of dialectic which book-ridden Rabbis had split, tempered the mixture with the poisoned fruit called gall-nut, and—after postponing the publication on three several occasions—left his executors to pour out as pretty a witch's caldron as ever stank

* "There is no doubt that he [Sir Richard Burton] was afflicted to this strange people [the Gypsies] by nature, if not by descent."—*The Jew, the Gypsy, and Et Islam*, by the late Captain Sir R. F. Burton (Preface, p. xii).

† "For this book is the story of a dream that has not come true."—*Dreamers of the Ghetto*, by I. Zangwill (Preface, p. vii).

with the "liver of blaspheming Jew." Mr. Zangwill went a little differently to work. He, too, had been to the East, but the Gypsy's perilous gift of rapid induction was represented in the Dreamer's case by an hereditary instinct for the truth. Sir Richard Burton knew what he was looking for; Mr. Zangwill looked for what he knew. The Dreamer also went to Western history, but he cast on its darker places the searchlight of his father's torch. "Time and space," he writes, with punctilious metaphysic, "are only the conditions through which spiritual facts straggle. Hence I have here and there permitted myself liberties with these categories." Sir Richard Burton, it might be urged in parenthesis, allowed himself bolder liberties without a like apology. For time and space may well complain of somewhat cavalierly treatment, when the record of two continents and fourteen centuries is comprised in an eight-page table of indictments (pp. 121 &c.). Spirit is imponderable, no doubt, but the spiritual facts must be sadly pinched between such narrow lines. The Dreamer, in conclusion, added a style which moves in places like valse-music, and has produced as notable a picture of the greater men of his race as his fellow Israelites could desire.

From a literary point of view—and it is with this alone that I am concerned—the contrast of these two books is very striking. The critic, Mr. Asquith told us the other day, must above all things be catholic in his judgment. But how, we might ask, is catholicity to be maintained when the authors themselves are so partial? The Pope, it is said, would like to exalt himself into a Court of Arbitration over Europe; but I defy the most catholic bishop in the temple of art to judge between the Gypsy and the Dreamer by his critical canons only. Let him listen to the disputants, as I heard them myself on my library-table the other day. Their arguments might be printed in parallel columns, so neatly do they contradict one another. "The Jew," says Sir Richard Burton,

"who does not keep the Sabbath (Saturday) according to Rabbinical law, must suffer excision, be stoned to death, or incur the flogging of rebellion. . . . All manner of work is absolutely forbidden to the Jew. . . . He will not receive money on that day, or transact any business, however profitable; it is moreover the fashion to keep a grave face, and to speak as little as possible."

Where is the Gypsy's grave-faced, silent Sabbatarian in the following sketch by the Dreamer?

"How beautiful were those Friday evenings, how snowy the table-cloth, how sweet everything tasted, and how restful the atmosphere! Such delicious peace for father and mother after the labours of the week! . . . Part of the joy of Sabbaths and Festivals was the change of prayer-diet. Even the grace—that long prayer chanted after bodily diet—had refreshing little variations. For, just as the child put on his best clothes for Festivals, so did his prayers seem to clothe themselves in more beautiful words, and to be said out of more beautiful books, and with more beautiful tunes to them. . . . He would have sprinkled the Code with bird-songs, and made the Scroll of the Law warble."

Even in their quotations our authors contrive to disagree. "The civilised world," writes the Gypsy, "would never endure the presence of a creed which says to man, 'Hate thy neighbour, unless he be one of ye.'" But Uriel Acosta, the renegade to that self-same creed, seems to have discovered very different texts in the hour of his disillusion with Spain:

"He turned to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah," writes Mr. Zangwill, "and, reading it critically, he seemed to see that all these passages of prediction he had taken on trust as prognostications of a Redeemer might prophesy quite other and more intelligible things. And long past midnight he read among the prophets, with flushed cheek and sparkling eye, as one drunk with new wine. . . . He thrilled to the cry of Amos . . . and to the question of Micah. . . . Ay, justice and mercy and humbleness—not paternosters and penances. He was melted to tears, he was exalted to the stars. He turned to the Pentateuch and to the Laws of Moses, to the tender ordinances for the poor, the stranger, the beast. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' 'Thou shalt be unto me a holy people.'"

It is curious, too, from the catholic critic's point of view, of course, that this Acosta, who reverted to the religion of love, "searched his bookshelves eagerly for some chronicle of those days of Torquemada. The native historians had little, but that little filled his imagination with horrid images of that second Exodus—famine, the plague, robbery, slaughter, the violation of virgins. And all on account of the pertinacious ambition of a Portuguese king to rule Spain through an alliance with a Spanish princess—an ambition as pertinaciously foiled by the irony of history." Sir Richard Burton, searching the same bookshelves, grants the "horrid images," but adds:

"We must seek for a solid cause underlying these horrible acts of vengeance; we find ample motive in the fact that the Jew's hand was ever, like Ishmael's, against every man but those belonging to the Synagogue. His fierce passions and fiendish cunning, combined with abnormal powers of intellect, with intense vitality, and with a persistency of purpose which the world has rarely seen, and abetted, moreover, by a keen thirst for blood engendered by defeat and subjection, combined to make him the deadly enemy of all mankind, whilst his unsocial and iniquitous Oral Law contributed to inflame his wild lust for pelf, and to justify the crimes suggested by spite and superstition."

It is a strong-voiced sentence, but is its argument very logical? The "horrid images" of Acosta's vision become "horrible acts of vengeance" in Sir Richard Burton's rendering. The motive beneath them is the crimes of their victims. But when we ask for the record of those crimes, we are referred to the eight-page summary of fourteen centuries of Jewish history. That slender list has to do double service. Half the crimes in its calendar are themselves acts of vengeance, with their motive set back in the Inquisition. Did that Inferno accordingly avenge its own avengers by anticipation? Would the Spanish authorities whom Acosta consulted have told him so little about the "fierce passions and fiendish cunning" of his ancestors? Or is Sir Richard Burton confusing

cause with effect, and does the "solid cause" of the Gypsy's discovery melt into the fabric of a dream? The Consul of Damascus, like the Roman of old, was an honourable man, and the worst defect of which the catholic critic suspects him was shared by Acosta himself. The debate on the "unsocial and iniquitous Oral Law" is a suggestive bit of dialogue:

"Thou, a man of culture, carest for these childish things?"

'Childish things? Wherefore then have I left my Portugal?'

'All ceremonies are against Right Reason,' said Uriel in low tones, his face grown deadly white.

'Now I see that thou hast never understood our holy and beautiful religion. Men of culture, forsooth! Is not our Amsterdam congregation full of men of culture—grammarians, poets, exegetes, jurists, but flesh and blood, mark you, not diagrams cut out of Euclid? Whence the cohesion of our race? Ceremony! What preserves and unifies its scattered atoms throughout the world? Ceremony! And what is ceremony? Poetry. 'Tis the tradition handed down from hoary antiquity; 't is the colour of life.'

'Tis a miserable thralldom,' interposed Uriel more feebly.

'Miserable! A happy service. Hast never danced at the Rejoicing of the Law? Who so joyous as our brethren? Where so cheerful a creed? The trouble with thee is that thou hast no childish associations with our glorious religion; thou camest to it in manhood with naught but the cold eye of Reason.' . . . And as the old physician spoke, Uriel began dimly to suspect that he had misconceived human life, taken it too earnestly. . . . And with it a suspicion that he had mistaken Judaism too—missed the poetry and humanity behind the forms."

Did Sir Richard Burton miss them too?

"Those who know the codes of the Talmud," he tells us, "and of the Safed School, which are still, despite certain petty struggles, the life-light of Judaism, will have no trouble in replying. A people whose highest ideas of religious existence are the superstitious sanctification of Sabbath, the washing of hands, the blowing of rams' horns, the saving rite of circumcision, and the thousand external functions compensating for moral delinquencies, with Abraham sitting at the gate of Hell to keep it closed for Jews,"

and so on through twenty lines of black epithets to the conclusion, "such conditions, it is evident, are not calculated to create or to preserve national life."

But is it all so evident, after all? A revelation was required, we remember, to show Peter Bell the meaning of the yellow primrose. May not the "yellow cap, and the yellow O on the breasts" of the Ghetto Jews also require a poet and an interpreter to reveal some inner meaning which was hidden from the "evidence" of Sir Richard Burton? One man writes a poem to the view; another chooses to picnic there. The scene is the same in both cases; it is the point of view which differs, and in the ceaseless jostle of relativity, Pilate's riddle goes unanswered. The catholic critic is not asked to judge between the Gypsy and the Dreamer. From a merely literary standard, he prefers the sonnet to the sweepings, and truth, in books, is largely a matter of taste.

L. M.

SIR HENRY CUNNINGHAM'S NOVELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

It is a matter for regret that Sir Henry Cunningham's novels should appear at such rare intervals. Five books in thirty years is the record of this author, who began his literary career with the publication of *Wheat and Tares*, considered by some critics to have been the best novel of the year. It is remarkable, as are all its successors, for brilliant dialogue and excellent studies of character; and, indeed, it is upon these two points, rather than upon the "story," that the interest of this novel rests.

It must at once be acknowledged that Sir Henry has a strong and palpable bias in favour of his womenkind, with whose characters he has far more sympathy than with those of the men. Rachel Leslie, in *Wheat and Tares*, is the first of that gallery of gracious, charming portraits which ends with Sibylla, perhaps the most charming because the most human of all. Sir Henry is somewhat prone to make his heroines "too bright and good," while his heroes, who are distinctly "of the earth, earthy," and a very ordinary dust, are creatures of a different quality, and move on a lower plane. This singular gulf placed, perhaps unconsciously, by the author between the moral and intellectual natures of his men and women, inevitably leads to suffering on the part of the latter. It is this characteristic which drives one to feel that Rachel Leslie, who, with her restored faith in her lover, is left to face life without him in the flesh, is the happiest of all. She had no disillusionment to fear; she could indulge in the dearest and most satisfactory companionship to a woman—that of a dead and idealised lover! Felicia and Maud in *The Chronicles of Dustypore*, Camilla in *The Cærulians*, and Sibylla in the novel that bears her name, one and all find the course of love, at least up to the critical moment of marriage, most untraditionally smooth, while the "ever afterwards" brings an unhappiness equally untraditional.

One of Sir Henry's most remarkable studies of character is presented to us in Camilla. The truthfulness and charm of this "Portrait of a Girl" keep us enthralled as we follow her through the various phases of her life—the child of fifteen, in Paris, who first attracts Philip Ambrose by her unfeigned admiration for himself; the girl of twenty, who, blinded by her dreams, marries him; and the woman, who, at the moment of her complete awakening, is given her timely release. And Philip, who, with his "fluent explanations," glides downhill with such ineffable grace and good-humour, wins from us, as is so often the case with that type, a pitying tolerance, quite out of proportion to his deserts, so that, with Camilla and his father, we would fain let his death blot out, in merciful fashion, all the falsity and folly of his weak nature, and remember him only in the light in which he saw himself in life. But Camilla and Philip are by no means the only interesting personalities in *The Cærulians*. We are introduced to a

most select coterie of Anglo-Indians, and, as in one half of *The Heriots*, we here make a whole circle of friends and acquaintances, whom we should gratefully welcome could we but meet them in real life. In fact, this is the only fault to be found with a delightful book; it makes us envious. Why should Cærulia alone attract a society of which every member is clever, in his or her own particular way, and where no one ever says a dull thing? When the Rashleighs, Camilla, Lady Miranda and her husband, Mrs. Paragon, Mr. Montem, and Mr. Chichele (the inimitable Chichele!) meet, we could listen to them for hours. Mrs. Paragon inevitably challenges comparison, but she does not suffer thereby; there could only be one Mrs. Hauksbee! And the latter lady best suits her native heath of Simla, where, undoubtedly, the battle is keener than on the slopes of the Nilgherries!

But not only in Cærulia does Sir Henry Cunningham bring us into contact with desirable acquaintances—in London, Westborough, Dustypore, we are introduced to people, different indeed, but all equally delightful. Moreover, it is comforting to find that even in Simla the sinners are not so hopelessly sinful as some pessimists would have us believe! We have, however, the inevitable exception, and the one disagreeable set in *The Heriots* saves us from a monotonous course of virtue. Isabella Heriot and her friends are drawn in such a masterly fashion as to vindicate successfully and finally Sir Henry's insight into the characters of "all sorts and conditions," and, also, his power of portraying the same. After reading *The Heriots*, we can have no doubt that the author has deliberately chosen, for the most part, to make his characters charming or simple, good-hearted or refined, but without faulty, natural, and perfectly human. It is impossible not to feel that the optimist has secured a triumph in these volumes. He has succeeded in creating a succession of characters, of ordinary and extraordinary goodness, yet delightful and interesting. Isabella Heriot is essentially a vulgar-minded woman, of a type not unknown in these days, who worships the idol of social success, and is absolutely unscrupulous in her efforts to gain and keep the paltry position she covets. This novel has a good old-fashioned ending, where vice is punished and virtue rewarded in that eminently complete and satisfactory way of which life affords us so few examples. Mrs. Heriot's wickedness receives its deserts: ill-gotten wealth brings no satisfaction, and her child, Antinous, the one being whom she loves better than herself, dies of diphtheria; while the youthful lovers, Olivia and Jack, marry, and we are even allowed to believe that they lived happily ever afterwards.

Literary coincidences occur every day. *Poor Max*, by Iota, cannot fail to recall Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's charming story, *Through One Administration*, and many readers of *Sir George Trevelyan* must have been struck by the close resemblance of its chief situation to that in *Sibylla*. Mrs. Montcalm—Sibylla—a woman of high political ideals, an enthusiastic partisan, and a young devoted wife, who has not yet

learnt to understand her husband, becomes acquainted with Amersham, a "political flirt," and is thrown much into his society at a critical moment of his career. He is supposed to be wavering: his faith is not quite sound, his adherence to his own and Montcalm's party not absolutely secure. The Opposition, aware of their opportunity, are eager to seize it and to win over so dangerous an enemy, so valuable a friend. Mrs. Montcalm, equally on the alert, discovers that it is in her power to influence him strongly. She decides to use this influence "for the good of the cause," and a friendship quickly springs up between them. The situation develops in orthodox fashion. Amersham's devotion to political duty has never been keen, and it absolutely fails under the absorption of his feeling for Sibylla. At last, of course, to the genuine surprise and sorrow of Sibylla, the young politician confesses his love for her. In the later novel, to which we have already referred, the inconvenient lover already possesses a convenient wife, to whom he can gracefully return, but more scope is afforded to Sibylla's diplomacy. She presents Amersham to her dearest friend, Lady Cynthia. This lady, to her credit be it said, at first refuses this revisionary gift, but her pride is not so strong as her long-cherished love for Amersham, and, somewhat to our regret, she accepts.

Sibylla is full of good things, and, from a literary point of view, we might be tempted to choose this volume as showing in a marked degree Sir Henry's excellences of a finished style and natural, witty, and exceedingly clever dialogue, were it not for a grateful remembrance of *The Horriots* and *The Cerulians*. It is a remarkable characteristic of the novels under consideration that, with the exception of *The Chronicles of Dustypore*, they might have all been written this year.

Sibylla, in the following conversation, probably expresses something of Sir Henry Cunningham's view of life, and the extract also gives a fair specimen of his powers in writing dialogue, although he is, perhaps, at his best when the speakers are more numerous.

"The first step towards salvation," said Sibylla, "is to hope for the best—to wish to hope; not to preach the dismal lesson of despair."

"Yes, I know," said her companion; "dismal and degrading, is it not? I feel ashamed when I am with you and catch your delightful hopefulness. But the world, after all, is not a brilliant success. Despite all its clever discoveries, humanity has had a bad time of it, and may be going to have a worse. Some agreeable Frenchman or other described man as the cleverest and worst-behaved of the animals."

"Treason!" cried Sibylla. "Think of him as Hamlet did—as the paragon of the universe, noble in reason, in action an angel, in apprehension like a God."

"That is not the sort of man whom one meets at the House," said Amersham; "our apprehension is not Godlike, nor our behaviour like any angels except the fallen ones. As for reason, it is such a poor affair, that all sensible people have long ago abandoned argument as a method. One sees men struggling against

their fate, constantly led astray, falling this way or that. They cannot help it. They are so constructed that they can no more argue straight than a ball with a bias can run straight on the lawn. One has a bias oneself, and cannot roll straight any more than the rest, if one only knew it. Happily one does not."

"Yes," said Sibylla; "I know mine, and allow for it. I am on the side of the angels."

"Then," cried Amersham, "I will be on the side of the angels too—on their side and yours."

"Poor angels!" said the other. "What will they think of the alliance? But you must discard your pessimism—that is an essentially unangelic mood. The use of great men is to make the world better, and the greatest have been those who have loved their species the best."

THE PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON TITLE-PAGES.

IN 1897 the Council of the Publishers' Association appointed a committee to consider the subject of the inconvenience caused by the existing want of precision and uniformity of practice in the wording and arrangement of the bibliographical details given on title-pages of books. The following report was drawn up by the committee, and adopted at the annual general meeting last March:

"(1) *Date*.—(a) That the title-page of every book should bear the date of the year of publication—i.e., of the year in which the impression, or the reissue, of which it forms a part, was first put on the market. (b) That when stock is re-issued in a new form, the title-page should bear the date of the new issue, and each copy should be described as a 'reissue,' either on the title-page or in a bibliographical note. (c) That the date at which a book was last revised should be indicated either on the title-page or in a bibliographical note.

(2) *Bibliographical Note*.—That the bibliographical note should, when possible, be printed on the back of the title-page, in order that it may not be separated therefrom in binding.

(3) *Impression, Edition, Reissue*.—That for bibliographical purposes definite meanings should be attached to these words when used on a title-page, and the following are recommended: *Impression*.—A number of copies printed at any one time. When a book is reprinted without change it should be called a new *impression*, to distinguish it from an *edition* as defined below. *Edition*.—An impression in which the matter has undergone some change, or for which the type has been reset. *Reissue*.—A republication at a different price, or in a different form, of part of an impression which has already been placed on the market.

(4) *Localisation*.—When the circulation of an impression of a book is limited by agreement to a particular area, that each copy of that impression should bear a conspicuous notice to that effect.

Addendum.—In cases where a book has been reprinted many times, and revised a less number of times, it is suggested that

the intimation to that effect should be as follows—e.g., *Fifteenth Impression (Third Edition)*. This would indicate that the book had been printed fifteen times, and that in the course of those fifteen impressions it had been revised or altered twice."

DRAMA.

"THE BEAUTY STONE" AT THE SAVOY.

THE Mephisto theme has always exercised a fascination for the dramatist, who, however, has rarely treated it with success. Goethe's "Faust" itself is admittedly not a good play, although Sir Henry Irving's *diablerie*, in an adaptation of it, proved effective enough at the Lyceum. Of modern failures, "The Tempter," by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, is one of the most notable, and with this must now be bracketed "The Beauty Stone." That Mr. Pinero in association with Sir Arthur Sullivan should have failed to make Mephisto interesting is certainly a very remarkable fact; but so it is. Despite the talent expended upon it, both dramatic and musical, the piece falls absolutely flat. I can hardly recall an instance of boredom and fatigue laying hold of a Savoy audience to the same degree as in "The Beauty Stone," the very name of which induces a yawn. The root idea of all these Mephisto pieces is the same—Satan in some grotesque disguise as monk or teacher takes in hand the affairs of a small group of human beings with mischievous intent, but in the end proves a bungler, so that no harm is done. This was the idea of the old mystery plays, in which the devil was constantly flouted and made to look ridiculous. Probably the lack of faith in this kind of devil has something to do with the difficulty experienced by the modern dramatist in treating the subject impressively.

In "The Beauty Stone," where we are taken back to a quaint old Flemish town of the Middle Ages, we see a poor deformed girl praying that the Virgin shall grant her good looks and shapely limbs. It is the devil habited as a monk who comes in response to her appeal, which is surely to begin with a needless touch of satire, and is inconsistent with the spirit of the legend. He brings with him the Beauty Stone, a talisman that insures youth and beauty to its possessor. The transformation of the poor weaver girl into a young lady of dazzling beauty is the dramatic idea that has appealed to the authors, and so far it has an inspiring effect upon the house. Sir Arthur Sullivan himself is obviously lifted up by it. But what is to be done with the heroine once she is transformed? That is the question to which neither authors nor composer have given a satisfactory answer. The town is governed by a sensual-minded prince, for whose delectation a beauty show is held by the burgomaster, and it is the transformed heroine who carries off the prize. Such puerilities are unworthy of Mr. Pinero's

pen. There is no breath of drama in this story, which falls as flat as an Aladdin's Lamp episode in a Christmas pantomime.

FROM this point matters steadily proceed from bad to worse. The prince passes his time in amorous dalliance while his friends call upon him to join the forces of a neighbouring potentate who has gone to war. To these appeals, however, he remains deaf, until the heroine, alarmed at the evil results of the Beauty Stone, runs back to her squalid home and flings the accursed thing from her, resuming *ipso facto* her rags and her deformity. Then the prince, aroused to a sense of duty, betakes himself to the wars. Meanwhile, the Beauty Stone passes from hand to hand. The heroine's father has a brief experience of it, and afterwards the prince's favourite, who hopes thereby to regain her lost influence over her lord. Unfortunately the prince loses his eyesight on the battle-field, and when he returns victorious it is to take to his arms not the radiantly beautiful favourite, but the poor little weaver girl whose beauty lives in his memory.

How essentially undramatic is this scheme a glance suffices to show, and one suspects that the authors and composer found their task, as regards at least two-thirds of it, very uphill work. This is shown more particularly in the character of the devil, who, instead of dominating the action as he ought to do, dwindles away to nothing, figuring merely as a slightly cynical courtier.

CONSIDERING what hands have been employed in the fashioning of this piece, its dulness, its emptiness, its lifelessness are indeed amazing. An evil fate has overhung it in more ways than one, for one or two of the leading singers are newcomers at the Savoy, and are very far from maintaining the musical traditions of the theatre; while that droll comedian, Mr. Walter Passmore, who is cast for the part of the devil, has very little opportunity for working the comic vein. Flatness is, in short, the general characteristic of the performance. Sir Arthur Sullivan's score is the most serious to which he has set his hand since "Ivanhoe," and though, needless to say, it contains many fine passages, the Savoy *habitué* who expects to carry away from the piece something that he can whistle, will be disappointed. What I can unreservedly praise is the mounting and dresses, which are beautiful in the extreme. The frame, alas! almost kills the picture. The indiscretions of the inspired paragraphist had given us to understand that a wholly new kind of piece was being prepared by Messrs. Pinero and Carr. Unfortunately, "The Beauty Stone" proves to belong to a well recognised type, namely, the *genre ennuyeux*.

J. F. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COUNTRY OF KIDNAPPED.

SIR,—I have read with great interest the letters which my few hasty notes on the *Kidnapped* country have produced. The identity of the Appin murderer will, I suppose, ever remain a mystery, unless Mr. D. L. Cameron may at some future time feel himself at liberty to disclose the name of the "other man." Mr. Lang, on a Badenoch man's evidence, believes the culprit to have been a Cameron, but Mr. Cameron, who seems "far ben" in Appin tradition, declares that "an Appin man fired the shot, and that his descendants are said to this day to feel the weight of the curse." I confess it delights me to hear that in these days of enlightenment, falsely so-called, there are still good, honest, primeval curses at work in the North.

A pamphlet has lately come into my hands which seems of interest to all lovers of David Balfour and his friends. It belonged to R. L. S., having been presented to him by the author, Mr. J. R. N. Macphail, who was an old friend and a keen antiquarian. It was originally read as a paper before the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and consists of a running commentary on the printed record of James Stewart's trial. We learn among other things that the real coveter of Glenduror was not Glenure, but Campbell of Balliveolan, and that Red Colin only acted in the matter to oblige his kinsman. More, it seems probable that James of the Glens had really the law on his side in the quarrel, and would have been righted by legal means but for the unfortunate mischance of the murder. In his account of the trial itself Mr. Macphail goes over each name which appears in *Catriona*, and shows how accurately Stevenson has made use of facts. Of the fifteen jurymen eleven were Campbells, though "two gentlemen of the name, to their credit, refused to serve, on the ground that their minds were biassed against the prisoner." It is difficult to decide how the conduct of Argyle and his friends is to be defended. Undoubtedly clan feeling had much to do with it, for the murdered man was kin both to the Campbells and the Mackays. Mr. Macphail inclines to the view which Mr. Omond was the first to suggest, that the conviction of James Stewart was a political necessity. "The Government were terrified lest the murder of Glenure should be seized upon by the Duke of Cumberland, and the rancorous gang under his control, to force them to abandon their policy of conciliation; somebody must hang, and they did not much care whether he were innocent or guilty." There is another defence which from the Campbell point of view is irrefragable. A clansman who had the hanging cast in his teeth, retorted with pride that any fool could get a guilty man hanged, but only Mac-Chailein-Mor a man who was innocent.

The pamphlet concludes with an account of the actual execution of Sheumas-naglinnais at Ballachulish. It was a wild day of wind, so that the soldiers from Fort

William were delayed in crossing the ferry. The storm was so great that a man could scarcely stand on the hill, and the long dying-speeches of the prisoner were broken by the gusts. One may take leave to regret that the hand which gave us the parting on Gillane Sands and the Flight in the Heather did not also draw the last pitiful scene on the windy hillside.—I am, &c.,

JOHN BUCHAN.

Brasenose College, Oxford: May 24.

MR. GLADSTONE AS CRITIC.

SIR,—The enclosed copy of a letter I received from Mr. Gladstone just twenty years ago may be interesting to some of your readers. It was in reply to some observations upon an article of his in *Macmillan's Magazine* for October, 1877, on "The Island Group of the Odyssey." I cannot recollect the exact purport of my letter to him, but it dealt mainly with the question of the position of Ithaca relatively to the neighbouring islands, the identification of the site of Dulichium, and Homer's use of the word *νηος* as applied to the latter. At all events, Mr. Gladstone's note on the restricted application of *νηος* in Homer is interesting and valuable, the fact which he alleges having escaped my notice.

—Yours faithfully,

C. S. JERRAM.

Oxford: May 27.

"DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged by your communication. The main point required for the clearing of the text is the site of Dulichion; and I am content, this being secured, with any interpretation which can be well and sufficiently supported.

My belief that Homer knew Ithaca is one which I early adopted, in lieu of an opposite impression, upon a close and long examination of the text. But this would not imply his knowing the whole of Ithaca. It might mean little more than his having visited the capital, as to the site of which there is, I think, no reasonable doubt, and the great harbour which, with its sub- or inner harbour, is very remarkable.

The only scruple I feel about your construction of the word *νηος* is as to making it good by any positive evidence from Homer. He never, I think, applies the word, except to an island of moderate size. Crete with him is a *γαία*, and he never calls Scheria an island.

Wishing you all prosperity and satisfaction in Homeric study,—I remain, yours very faithfully,

(Signed) W. E. GLADSTONE."

"VERSIONS FROM HAFIZ."

SIR,—I read your review of this book with an interest nowise lessened by the fact that I had the book itself by me. I notice you quote the passage from the introduction in which Dr. Leaf draws attention to his table of rhythms. Permit me to say, for the information of such of your readers as may not be acquainted with Oriental prosody, that this same table is most inaccurate. Several of the paradigms are not divided into feet at all, giving the novice an erroneous impression that Persian admits of monstrous feet occupying whole lines and having a length of fourteen or fifteen syllables. But worse remains; at least

three of the metres that *are* divided (those numbered 3, 8, and 24) are divided in the *wrong* places. These blemishes are all the more noteworthy because the book is otherwise admirable.—Yours faithfully,

JAMES PLATT, Junior.
St. Martin's-lane, W.C.: May 28, 1898.

BURNS AND AMERICA.

SIR,—I notice some remarks in your issue of May 14, anent the National Burns Memorial at Mauchline. I am sorry to say that there is a great deal of truth in some of the statements contained therein.

Of course Rome was not built in a day, and I believe that our Memorial has been as successful for the time it has been before the public—fully three years—as any other memorial to Burns has been; still, the following quotation from my toast of the "Subscribers," at the dinner on the opening day, May 7, which refers to my own exertions in behalf of the scheme, may be interesting to some of your readers: "Directly or indirectly Glasgow has subscribed £1,200; Paisley, £150; London, £50; fifty-five Burns clubs, £320; Ayrshire, £700; Scottish nobility (from the Duke of Hamilton downwards), £90; Knights and Baronets, £330. All the great families engaged in the thread, iron, and chemical industries, together with ironbrokers and stockbrokers, are well represented. The medical faculty have supported and praised the scheme, as also have many lawyers—the Solicitor-General for Scotland downwards.

Although we have £80 from abroad, we have only one native American with a donation of £1. Although led to believe America would do great things, and pounds have been spent in postage and literature there, the result is as mentioned.

Other memorials are being proposed for certain celebrated individuals who have lived in Scotland, and it may, perhaps, be useful to the promoters, and to others who may think of erecting some other memorial to Burns elsewhere, to know a little of the wiles that have been made by us to extract money from people towards our scheme. Not to speak of over 5,000 calls that one person has made during a period of fully three years, he has written some 5,200 letters, sent out 10,000 circular letters containing 40,000 circulars; the postage alone being over £40. When you add to this the labours of one or two others it will give you a sort of idea of how subscribers have been got for the scheme.

Now, if there is some truth in the dilatoriness of Burnsites at home in subscribing to this scheme, what shall we say about those who have the grand privilege of being natives of the "land of the free"? America talks louder and bigger of Burns than we Scots do ourselves, and Americans by the score—nay, by the hundred—make pilgrimages to the place of his birth, of his death, and Mauchline also.

If Burns is the apostle of any known class or race it is the Americans, and when their millionaires, their editors, their people, through the medium of every paper of any standing in all the States, have been asked

to contribute to a charitable and benevolent scheme to commemorate the centenary year of the death of the brightest poetical genius Scotland ever knew (and perhaps further than Scotland, and whose writings have a universality about them that the writings of no other lyric poet have), and at the place where it shone in its noonday splendour—Mauchline—they have contributed £1. If you can do anything to awaken the Americans to a sense of their duty towards our scheme, which still requires £900, we shall be very pleased.—Faithfully yours,

THOMAS KILLIN,
Hon. Treasurer.

168, West George-street,
Glasgow.

A PUBLISHER'S COMPLAINT.

SIR,—The privilege still enjoyed, and somewhat abused, by the four University libraries, is a thorn in the publisher's side, and a fruitful source of contention.

I have lately been approached by the London Agency for these libraries to supply, free of all charge, copies of each of my published books.

It would appear that the Act of 1842 entitles them to such publications (affected by the Act) as they may claim within one year from the date of publication. If the claim is not made, a publisher is not bound to forward any of his publications to the four libraries. If the claim is not made in writing till after the year has elapsed, he is, *ipso facto*, released from any compulsion to send such works.

The British Museum alone is entitled to works without demand.

The foregoing facts may not be generally known, so I venture to send them to you. A gentleman of Oxford University, whose integrity is not to be disputed, informs me that not long since a London publisher was refused leave to see in the Bodleian a work of his own, delivered by himself to the library. He had to return to London to visit the British Museum.

The Bodleian continues to claim newspapers, trade journals, tailors' fashion-plates, music-hall songs, &c., when their space will not hold them, and though supplied by the public for the use of the public, the public has not free right of entry. My Oxford friend still further informs me that only last summer the head of a college told him that several editions of a popular work were lying uncatalogued in the cellars!

I think a University ought to keep its own productions, those of the city and county, or such as are related to University education, especially when this private corporation does not allow the public to enter.—I am, &c.,
6, Chandos-street.

JOHN LONG.

POETRY AS SHE IS WRIT.

SIR,—As a mere ordinary mortal of average education and intelligence, is it permissible to ask why in these latter days so much, so very much, of our poetry should be so tortuous and involved in its mode of expression? Whether, in fact, it must

follow almost as a matter of necessity that nine-tenths of our latter-day poets should clothe their ideas in language so obscure as to be often barely intelligible to the uninitiated? We feel as we read that they have indeed "come to the birth," but oh, what torture in the bringing forth! Their very pangs are as it were borne in upon us as we read (though happily only in a reflected sense), and at the conclusion of the whole matter we are tempted to exclaim, And is this indeed poetry! *this* an improvement (for so the critics would have us believe) upon the crowned masters of old, with whose works we have been familiar from our youth upwards, and who having a message to deliver to mankind told it in language at once clear and forcible, with no laboured involutions of either thought or phrase to bewilder us.

I am prompted to write thus having just read an "Ode on Napoléon" recently contributed by Mr. Meredith to *Cosmopolis*. At the close, by way of relaxation, I took up a volume of Keats, my eyes lighting by the merest accident upon his delightful "Ode on a Grecian Urn," and I then asked myself, utterly dissimilar though the subjects be, which was, in very deed and truth, the right mode of poetical expression, and which calculated to convey the deepest, most lasting, and withal pleasurable impression upon mankind at large?—Yours, &c.,

Liverpool: May 21. J. L. P.

VANDALISM AT HAMPSTEAD.

SIR,—In reference to my previous remarks under this head, admirers of the unique instances of eighteenth century architecture, which form Church Row, will be glad to learn that the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty is still energetic on the side of protection. The influence of this excellent Society should be great. It will be a pity, indeed, if united efforts fail to preserve the remainder of our row in its picturesque and incomparable entirety.

CECIL CLARKE.

Hampstead: May 24.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE reviewers have written long and carefully about Mr. Shaw's plays, and from the mass of their critical matter we select the following judgments.

Mr. William Archer wrote in the *Daily Chronicle*:

"Two out of the seven plays are works of genius for which even Mr. Shaw's modesty could not possibly find an adequate epithet; while one of the remaining five is an outrage upon art and decency, for which even my indignation cannot find a printable term of contumely. To express my sense of the beauty of 'Candida' and the baseness of 'The Philanderer' I should have to borrow Mr. Swinburne's vocabulary of praise and scorn—which is (perhaps fortunately) as inalienable as his gift of song. An hour ago I was reading 'Candida' for the third time with bursts of uncontrollable laughter not unmingled with tears. The thing is as true a poem as ever was written in prose, and my

whole soul went out in admiration and gratitude to the man who had created it. Then I re-read an act of 'The Philanderer,' and I wanted to cut him in the street. Both feelings, no doubt, were exaggerated, hysterical. Perhaps the second, no less than the first, was a compliment to Mr. Shaw—at any rate I am sure he will take it as such. I record these emotions not as a criticism, but simply to show the dynamic quality of the book. Good or bad, it is certainly not indifferent. Its appearance is an event, literary and theatrical, of the first magnitude."

Mr. W. P. James writes in the *St. James's Gazette*:

"His readers may not all care a great deal for the plays, but they are bound to enjoy the prefaces. The prefaces, indeed—besides being masterpieces of 'Shawiness,' which is a kind of antithesis of shyness—are full of matter. They contain an historical and highly personal excursus, in his very best manner, on the censorship and the censor; and another on the relation of the acted to the written play, and the variations introduced into drama by the personality of the actors, which is full of acute criticism, and gives a brilliant and characteristic exposition of his own career and of the place held in his own and the world's intellectual evolution by the publication of these plays. Mr. Shaw confesses that he is fond of the play, and fancies that intelligent readers of these prefaces of his will observe for themselves that he is himself a bit of an actor."

The *Daily News* critic accounts for the fact that the plays are not stage favourites.

"The plain truth is, that although these plays exhibit considerable dramatic power, they are not on the whole good plays, and this judgment is just as applicable to the 'pleasant' as to the 'unpleasant' series."

The critic of the *Outlook* draws attention to Mr. Shaw's omnipresence in the plays:

"In the Pleasant Plays and the Unpleasant—'Arms and the Man' or 'Mrs. Warren's Profession'—it matters not which, there still is Mr. Shaw a-preaching, now in Servian uniform as Bluntschli, now in petticoats as Vivie Warren, and actually in the worst play in either volume, and the most vulgar play ever written by a man of genius, as G. B. S., 'unconventionally but smartly dressed in a velvet jacket and cashmere trousers, his collar dyed wotan blue, blue socks and leather sandals—the arrangement of his tawny hair and of his moustaches and short beard apparently left to Nature,' though 'he has taken good care that Nature shall do him the fullest justice,' &c."

The *Pall Mall Gazette's* critic seeks to convict Mr. Shaw of lack of feeling:

"'Candida' marks for the present the high-water mark of Mr. Shaw's achievement. It is extremely well written and constructed, and though it cannot be called life in the broad and general sense, it is artfully made to appear a possible phase. It exhibits to perfection the excellences and deficiencies of Mr. Shaw's talent, the extreme narrowness of his outlook, his want of simple human feeling, his power of creating and handling uncommon characters, his mastery of theatrical effect, the atmosphere of reality with which for the moment he contrives to invest what is, after all, unreal."

"The Philanderer" is professedly the study of a male flirt. . . . The defect of the play seems most clearly to exhibit Mr. Shaw's own main defect—the utter want of any real experience of life, taken, at any rate, on the side of feeling and emotion. Probably Mr. Shaw can

put his finger on the prototype of each of the characters he draws, in defence of any objection to their reality; but so precisely can the artist who paints a bad portrait. The answer is that he has not understood, has not sympathised, or, where necessary, suffered with his model. The result of all this cleverness of mere observation from the outside is the result, no doubt, of life on Mr. Shaw, that however much it may move him, it does not move him at all on the side for which the theatre mainly exists, that of the human emotion. It is our systems that politically seem to touch Mr. Shaw, that arouse in him such feeling as he is capable of, but not in any sense the men and women who are the cause of their existence. To deny the existence of much feeling in others is, as a defence, futile; at the best it only comes to this—that the author is himself deficient in it. If, as a citizen, Mr. Shaw has his own outlook, as a man he seems to have none that is definite."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Week ending Thursday, June 2.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE MAKING OF RELIGION. By Andrew Lang. Longmans & Co. 12s.

THE GOSPEL OF JESUS ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW, AS INTERPRETED TO R. L. HARRISON BY THE LIGHT OF THE GODLY EXPERIENCE OF SRI PARÁNANDA. Kegan Paul.

A MANUAL OF CATHOLIC THEOLOGY, BASED ON SCHEEBEN'S "DOGMATIK." By Joseph Wilhelm, D.D., Ph.D., and Thomas B. Scannell, B.D. Vol. II: THE FALL, REDEMPTION, GRACE, THE CHURCH AND THE SACRAMENTS, THE LAST THINGS. Kegan Paul.

THE SOUL OF A PEOPLE. By H. Fielding. R. Bentley & Son.

LIVES OF THE SAINTS. Vols. XIII. and XIV. Edited by S. Baring Gould. J. C. Nimmo.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE HISTORY OF THE ART OF WAR: THE MIDDLE AGES FROM THE FOURTH TO THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY. By Charles Oman, M.A. Methuen & Co. 21s.

A CONCISE DICTIONARY OF GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES, BASED ON SIR WILLIAM SMITH'S LARGER DICTIONARY, AND INCORPORATING THE RESULTS OF MODERN RESEARCH. Edited by F. Warre Cornish, M.A. John Murray.

THE FRANCISCANS IN ENGLAND, 1600—1850; BEING AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE SECOND ENGLISH PROVINCE OF FRIARS MINOR. By the Rev. Father Thaddeus, O.F.M. Art & Book Co.

TWO NATIVE NARRATIVES OF THE MUTINY IN DELHI. Translated from the Originals by the late Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, C.S.I. Constable & Co. 12s.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE: A BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY. By M. E. Lowndes. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

DIARY NOTES OF A VISIT TO WALT WHITMAN AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS IN 1890. By John Johnston, M.D. The Labour Press, Ltd. (Manchester).

JOURNAL OF EMILY SHORE. New edition. Kegan Paul & Co.

MEMOIRS OF A YOUNG SURGEON. By Frederick Ashurst, M.B. Digby, Long & Co. 1s. 6d.

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

YGGDRASSIL, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Campbell. John Macqueen.

TO MY MOTHER. By W. S. Leau. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.

REX REGUM: A PAINTER'S STUDY OF THE LIKENESS OF CHRIST FROM THE TIME OF THE APOSTLES TO THE PRESENT DAY. By Sir Wyke Bayliss, F.S.A. George Bell & Sons.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY WILLIAM MORRIS AT THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES TO STUDENTS OF THE BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL OF ART. Longmans & Co.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

THROUGH UNKNOWN THIBET. By Captain M. S. Wellby. T. Fisher Unwin. £1 1s.

TO KLONDYKE AND BACK: A JOURNEY DOWN THE YUKON FROM ITS SOURCE TO ITS MOUTH. By J. H. E. Secretan, C.E. Hurst & Blackett. 6s.

CYCLE AND CAMP. By T. H. Holding. Ward, Lock & Co.

EDUCATIONAL.

RES GRÆCÆ: BEING BRIEF AIDS TO THE HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, LITERATURE, AND ANTIQUITIES OF ANCIENT GREECE, WITH MAPS AND PLANS. By Edward P. Coleridge, B.A. George Bell & Sons. 5s.

ELEMENTARY ARCHITECTURE FOR SCHOOLS, ART STUDENTS, AND GENERAL READERS. By Martin A. Buckmaster. Clarendon Press (Oxford). 4s. 6d.

GRAY'S ENGLISH POEMS. Edited by D. C. Tovey, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

BLACKWOOD'S LEAVING CERTIFICATE HANDBOOKS: HIGHER LATIN PROSE, AND HIGHER GREEK UNSEENS. By H. W. Auden, M.A. Blackwood & Sons. 2s. 6d.

INTRODUCTION TO ALGEBRA. By G. Chrystal, M.A. A. & C. Black. 5s.

LETTERS OF CICERO TO ATTICUS. Edited by Alfred Pretor, M.A. Cambridge University Press.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE EASTERN QUESTION IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: THE PARTITION OF POLAND AND THE TREATY OF KAINARDJI. By Albert Sorel. Methuen & Co. 3s. 6d.

A SYSTEM OF MEDICINE. By Many Writers Edited by Thomas Clifford Allbutt. Macmillan & Co. Vol. V. 25s.

CORNELL STUDIES IN CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY. Edited by Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Others. No. VII.: THE ATHENIAN SECRETARIES. By William Scott Ferguson, A.M. Published for the University by the Macmillan Co.

WEATHER LORE: A COLLECTION OF PROVERBS, SAYINGS, AND RULES CONCERNING THE WEATHER. Compiled and Arranged by Richard Inwards, F.R.A.S. Third edition, revised and enlarged. Elliot Stock.

OUTLINES OF SOCIOLOGY. By Lester F. Ward. Macmillan & Co.

UNFORESEEN TENDENCIES OF DEMOCRACY. By Edwin Lawrence Godkin. Archibald Constable & Co. 6s.

THE FINDING OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHAIR. By the late James Johnston. Cornish Bros. Birmingham. 3s.

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